THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

Price $3.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2343. Single Number 5 Cents.

ASPIRATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA D. LUDLOW.

Above the mountains bare and dun
In golden glory rose the sun.
The pale Earth in its robe of snow
Shone with a rosy-tinted glow.
The trees and shrubs, with branches bare,
Sparkled and bent 'neath diamonds rare,
And now and then a bird did rest
Upon a jewelled last-year's nest.
The river dark and solemn lay
Between the shores in white array.
From lowly cot and castle high
Rose smoky columns to the sky.
The knight within his downy bed
In sleep and dreams lay blind and dead.
Nor of that beauty ever knew
Which lay beneath Earth's dome of blue;
The bustling peasant-wife did spread
With early toil their daily bread,
Nor saw without the scene which gleamed,
But watched her kettle as it steamed.

A Painter sat beside a hill,
Nor cared he for the frosty chill,
While with a shiv'ring hand he wrought
An image of the scene he caught.
But *tears* dropped on it as he rose—
Tears such as artist only knows—
For a full soul of large intent
Working through hands so impotent!

A Poet leaned upon the gate
Which opened on his small estate;
But rich the soul and large the eye
Which opened on that radiant sky.
Oh, crystal beauty of that morn!
Oh, sweet song from those lips then borne!
Up through the pure and viewless air,
Beyond Earth's canopy so fair,
To the dear God of life and love,
Who round this world His smile has wove,—
Beauty, men call it, angels know
'Tis the Lord's smile left here below.
But when 'twas done, that Poet's strain,
His heart sobbed out a wild refrain,
For a full soul of large intent
Singing through lips so impotent!

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

I shall open my narrative by stating in a few words all that it is necessary for the reader to know of my history, prior to the events I am about to record.

At twenty-two years of age I was a resident of the city of New York, engaged in a lucrative commission business, and really worth some ten thousand dollars, with as much more in prospective on the death of my father, which event I then hoped might not occur for many long years. I had been successful in all my undertakings up to that period, and the world to me was *couleur de rose*. I had achieved honors in study, had prospered in business, and was happy in the hope of a union with one for whom I would have sacrificed every thing except my honor; and already in imagination had I traced out the beautiful home to which I would bear her, and pictured the bliss which would follow our marriage.

Now mark the sequel! One year from that time I was the most miserable being on the face of the earth. In that wretched year I saw two loving parents placed in the cold grave—saw my property wrenched from me to pay the debts of a friend for whom I had gone security—and, most cruel blow of all, I received a letter from the father of my intended, forbidding me all further intercourse or correspondence with his daughter.

The night following the reception of this letter, I did not sleep—did not even lie down—but walked the floor of my chamber, to and fro, in a state of excitement bordering on distraction. The first gleam of daylight found me in the open air, hurrying past one street after another toward the Battery, with the design of doing something desperate—I knew not, cared not, what.

Suddenly, on turning the corner of a street, I met an old townsman and school-mate, whom I had not seen for nearly two years. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow, in a military undress, and had served with credit as a captain in the war of 1812. In an instant he grasped my hand and exclaimed:

"Edmund Laurens, as I live! How are you, my dear fellow? I am delighted to see you."

"Captain Forbes," returned I, compressing my lips, "do not think I mean to insult you, when I honestly declare, that just now I am not delighted at seeing anything human—not even your worthy self."

"Why, how is this, Ned? what is the matter?"

"Everything that is bad."

"I see you are pale and excited, my friend! Speak out, and tell me the worst!"

"I could not tell you anything else and speak the truth. I am a ruined man. I, who had comparative wealth, am a beggar—I, who was happy, am miserable. Pass on, Jack, and leave me to myself! I am in no condition to treat even a friend with proper civility."

"But I will not pass on, Ned, till I hear your story! You say you are ruined?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"Every way."

"All your property gone?"

"All."

"But your father has enough to set you up again!"

"My father is in Heaven."

"Dead?" cried Forbes, with a start.

"Cold in his grave, and my mother sleeps by his side."

"Gracious Heaven! Is it possible?"

"Jack," said I, "do you remember our last meeting?"

"Shall I ever forget it, Ned?—that happy thanksgiving dinner at your father's mansion, and the merry sleigh-ride that followed in the evening! It was my last night in Fairfield, prior to my journey to the West; and a thousand times, on my long, lonely travels, has my memory presented those scenes as the brightest in my checkered existence. Many a time since, Ned, have I looked back, and envied you as the possessor of all that could make life desirable."

"Envy me *now*, Jack," I said, bitterly, "who would change places with the veriest mendicant that crawls through the streets in rags."

"A great and painful change, I admit," rejoined Forbes; "but not so bad as that, Ned—oh, no! not so bad as that! You have lost your parents—which is a great loss, and one that can never be repaired—but as to your fortune, that is comparatively nothing. You are young, and will soon recover yourself; and the lesson you have learned will be of value to you through life."

"But that is not all, Jack."

"No?"

"You remember Alice Staunton?"

"Queenly Alice, as I used to term her—the belle of the county—the lady whom everybody said *could* make happy, but *would* make miserable, one certain Edmund Laurens? Oh, yes, I remember her; and how she caused your cheek to pale on that glorious thanksgiving night, because she saw fit to flirt with the friends of him who adored her."

"That is the word, Forbes—I did *adore* her—I loved her to madness!"

"Everybody could see that, Ned; and some envied, and some pitied, you."

"My fate, as I termed it, was then undecided," I continued; "but a week later we exchanged vows of constancy."

"And are you then married?"

"No! but I was about to be, when the death of my parents, one after the other, caused me to postpone the nuptials for a year."

"Well?"

"Well, since then, as I have already informed you, I have been overtaken with the misfortune which has left me penniless."

"Go on."

"Last night I received this letter," said I, handing Forbes the missive already referred to.

He took it, glanced at its contents, and, grasping my hand, rejoined:

"Ned, this has doubtless surprised you more than it does me; for whatever may have been your opinion of that girl, I have always looked upon her as a gay, dashing, beautiful, but heartless coquette—and in this opinion of her I am not alone."

"But this may have been the work of her mercenary father," said I, still loth to believe that I could have fixed the best affections of my nature upon one so unworthy.

"Yet does he not say he writes thus with the approval of Alice?"

"True! true!"

"No matter whose work, then," replied Forbes; "it is the best thing that could have happened for you; and though the pang may be keen now, it will save you many a miserable heartache in the end. But tell me whither you are bound in such haste at this early hour?"

"I hardly know, Jack—to hang or drown, I think."

"Oh, nonsense, man! is this all you are good for—to let one or two misfortunes break you down at three-and-twenty?"

"When all the affections, hopes, and ambitions of a man's life are utterly destroyed, what is he good for?" said I, gloomily.

"Why, every vagabond is good enough to be shot at, as we used to say in the army," laughed my friend. "Come, come—never give up the ship! If one thing fails, try another! If you have done with mercantile speculations, turn soldier and win glory!"

"What! enter the ranks with the vagabonds you have mentioned, to die at some harmless post, without even the honor of being shot at?" said I, contemptuously. "I am much obliged for your advice, Jack, and will follow it as soon as I lose my senses."

"I beg your pardon, most wise interpreter! but I did not advise anything of the kind. If a man cannot become a soldier without being a vagabond in the ranks, then I flatter myself I am no soldier."

"But you raised a company in time of war, and got a commission: there is no war now."

"Our own country, thank Heaven, is at peace with all the world; but there is still glory to be won by valiant deeds in a foreign land."

"Glory!" said I, with a sneer: "what glory is there in dethroning one tyrant and putting another in his place? No, no—let foreign nations fight their own battles, and choose their own masters."

"So would I echo, if the choice merely lay between one tyrant and another; but, my democratic friend, what say you to a blow for liberty? In other words, what say you to joining the expedition of General Mina, and fighting for the freedom of down-trodden Mexico?"

"Explain yourself, Jack!"

"Well, you have heard of General Mina? his movements and designs?"

"Something, Jack; but I assure you I have paid much less attention to his affairs than my own. I know there is such a man in the country, and that it is rumored he is fitting out an expedition against Mexico—but this is the extent of my knowledge."

"His expedition will be against the oppressors of Mexico, not the natives. With the true soul of a noble man, he goes to join the Patriots, and assist them in throwing off the Spanish yoke, even as the noble Lafayette came to assist us in our own glorious Revolution."

"You seem to speak by the card, Jack; are you interested in this expedition?"

"I am proud to say I am, Ned. General Mina and your humble servant entered into a compact in the city of Baltimore; and between us it is agreed, that I am to sail in the first ship that goes out, and hold my present rank, with the promise of promotion at the earliest practicable moment; and now that I find you down in the world here, dispirited and almost friendless, I want you to join us, as the next best step you can take."

"Enlist as a private, do you mean?"

"Oh, no—not quite so bad as that! I can procure you a commission."

"How so? You know I have had little experience in military affairs."

"No matter—you can soon be taught all that will be required. It is the belief of Mina that the peasantry of Mexico will flock to his standard as soon as he plants it on their native soil; and his object at present is to secure high-spirited, intelligent Americans as officers. He could enroll any number of privates—but such applicants, in most cases, he refuses."

"And do you really think you can procure me a commission?" inquired I, brightening at the thought.

"I have no doubt of it."

"Heaven knows I have little inducement to remain where I am."

"Then you will join us?" said Forbes, grasping my hand.

I silently pondered the matter for a few moments, and replied:

"If you can get me a commission, I will go."

"It will be a wild, glorious life for us!" returned Forbes, enthusiastically.

"A wild life, at all events," said I, "to end perhaps on the scaffold or in a dungeon."

"Say rather in a palace, my dear fellow—the Halls of the Montezumas!"

"Whichever it may be, you may count on me as one who will press on to the end, for I shall leave nothing behind me to awaken one sigh of regret."

"Come, then," he gayly rejoined, "as you are not destined to hang or drown just at present, and therefore can have no further business in this direction, suppose you take my arm, turn back, and take breakfast with me; and as we go along, I will give you the history of this glorious hero."

"Which glorious hero?" said I: "Captain Forbes, or General Mina?"

"Whichever you please," he laughed—"though I alluded to Mina."

"Very well, proceed!"

"By-the-by, Ned, if you have not forgotten all the Spanish we learned when boys together, of that strolling teacher—Padre Morales, as we used to call him—so much the better."

"*Lo creo V., caballero!*" said I.

"*Si, señor!*" laughed Forbes. "Good, Ned—we shall get along famously!"

"While we talk Spanish to each other, Jack, undoubtedly—but I am afraid the natives will laugh at us."

"So it be some fair señorita, we can afford to let her be amused at our expense," returned Forbes. "Ned," he continued, with a smile, "as the ladies love heroes, doubtless you will soon be consoled for the loss of your false Alice!"

"'No more of that, Jack, an' thou lovest me.'"

"Ah! those soft, dark, Castilian eyes are more bewitching than you think! I will wager a month's pay, that, before you reach the Capital, they will have you sighing like a bellows!"

"That I shall be likely to make love to the first pretty girl I see, I will not deny, Jack; but it will not be in earnest, I assure you. I will have my revenge upon the false sex, if within my skill to obtain it; but no woman shall ever again have it in her power to make me miserable by a frown."

"What, Ned! would you punish the innocent for the guilty? Fie, now! I thought you had a truer sense of justice."

"Hang me, Forbes, if I do not think they are all pretty much alike!"

"What wisdom and penetration for three-and-twenty! Really, 'a Solomon come to judgment!' Blind as a mole to the artificial passion of one whom everybody but you could see was an actress, you now open your eyes to see flaws in all creation!"

"Well, Jack, we will not waste time in discussing a subject on which perhaps your profound wisdom differs from my foolishness. You were about to tell me something of General Mina!"

"So I was, and here you have it!"

Accordingly my friend at once began and proceeded, with all the enthusiasm of his nature, to give me a detailed history of one he regarded as a true hero; how he had been born of a good family, and, when a mere boy, had developed his muscular strength by following the chase among the lofty Pyrenees; how, during the French invasion of Spain, he had left his studies at the University of Saragossa, and joined the army, fighting bravely in several battles; how, subsequently, he had formed a guerrilla band, and performed such deeds of valor as had induced the proper authorities to confer on him the rank of Comandante General of Navarre; how, after this, he had been taken by Napoleon's troops, and confined in the Castle of Vincennes, till freed by the allied armies entering France; how, on the restoration of the Spanish throne to Ferdinand VII., he had indignantly refused to be bought up by the minions of that corrupt prince, because the latter would not sanction the somewhat democratic measures of the people; and how, in consequence, he had been obliged to seek refuge in England; where he had obtained means for fitting out his present expedition against Spanish Mexico, and, on his way thither, had recently arrived at Baltimore, in his own well-stored vessel, accompanied by quite a number of distinguished European officers.

"Thus, my friend," concluded Forbes, "have I given you the history in brief of one of the greatest men of the day; and now, as we have arrived at the hotel, you will breakfast with me; after which I shall have the honor of presenting you in due form to this man of destiny."

"What!" said I—"is General Mina then in town?"

"Even here, at this hotel," said Forbes, as he turned up the steps of one of the most fashionable public houses of the period of which I write. "We arrived last night—that is to say, General Mina and suite and your most humble servant. Come! we will pass an hour in the sitting-room, in talking over old times. Ah!" he added, the next moment, as we were about to enter the apartment in question; "as good luck will have it, the General is here, alone. Come, Ned, let me present you at once."

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL MINA.

As we walked forward, I observed a gentleman, in a blue military undress, seated near an open window, perusing a paper; and recognizing my friend as we drew near him, he quickly arose, extended his hand, and said, in a cordial tone, but with a slightly foreign accent:

"Good morning, Captain Forbes! I see you are an early riser as well as myself. I make it a rule never to let the sun find me sleeping."

"Unfortunately, your Excellency," replied Forbes, "I cannot lay claim to any particular merit in being up at this hour—for had it not been for some business which called me down to the landing at daylight, I fear the sun would have caught me napping. Fortunately I went abroad, however, and met an old friend and schoolmate, whom I have been persuading to become one of us. Allow me, your Excellency, to present to you Mr. Edmund Laurens!"

"Mr. Laurens, I am very happy in making your acquaintance, and shall be still more happy in rendering you any service within my power," said the General, taking my hand, with a bow and a smile, and speaking in that frank, cordial manner which seldom fails to impress a stranger favorably, and which at the moment I felt to be peculiarly fascinating.

The personal appearance of General Mina, though dignified and prepossessing, seemed in some degree to want that air of stern command which one naturally associates with a world-renowned hero. His figure was slight, but compact, and every movement had ease and grace. Though but seven-and-twenty years of age, his face bore the stamp of care, thought, and painful experience. His features were regular and intellectual, but somewhat tinged with the melancholy which constantly awakens sympathy. In the slightly acquiline nose, short upper lip, firm-set mouth, and rounded chin, were decision and firmness; and in the broad, high forehead, and soft, mild, Castilian eye, were benevolence, generosity, and humanity. The general expression of his countenance was one of lofty resolve and noble daring, combined with the most refined feeling and gentle suavity. His hair was short and scanty, as if worn away by painful activity of mind; but his moustache was thick and black, and, with his graceful imperial, added manly character to his otherwise slightly effeminate, though handsome, face.

On the whole, though not my ideal of a warrior-chief, I was decidedly pleased with him as a refined and intellectual gentleman; for though he might not inspire veneration and awe, he was calculated to win respect, esteem, confidence, and even love.

We spent some half-an-hour in conversation, during which he spoke freely of his plans and hopes, and with an earnest enthusiasm that convinced me he rather sought the independence of Mexico than personal aggrandizement.

"Had I been disposed to court the favor of the party in power," he said, "I could at this moment have been in command of the Royal forces of Mexico—a position second only to the Viceroy of New Spain; but rather than abandon those glorious principles for which I first buckled on my sword, I chose to become an exile from the home of my fathers.

"It may at first strike you as a little curious, Mr. Laurens," he continued, "that I, claiming to be a Patriot, and seeking the welfare of my country, should at this very moment be engaged in fitting out an expedition for the sole purpose of wresting from the Spanish Government her American possessions; but, sir, I look upon those possessions as having been a curse to Spain from the conquest of Cortez to the present time. The treasures of Spanish America, by pouring untold wealth into the coffers of the Spanish Government, have tended to raise its Sovereigns and Court Nobles far beyond the reach of the people—rendering them powerful, indolent, arrogant, intriguing, licentious, unprincipled, overbearing, and unjust—and all the true interests of the nation have suffered to a woful extent, its prosperity has declined, and it no longer stands a united power among the kingdoms of the earth. If I can in any manner bring about the independence of Mexico, I shall not only free her people from the most tyrannical oppressions, and aid the great cause of human progress, but I shall also, to a certain extent, benefit my own countrymen, and strike one tremendous blow against the rotten dynasty of the treacherous Ferdinand VII.—to whom, I am free to confess, I owe anything but good will."

"And is it your Excellency's belief that you can establish the independence of Mexico, by landing on her shores without a conquering army?" inquired I.

"Mexico," he replied, "has now been in active rebellion for several years; and though now and then a Patriot-chief has been taken and shot, and his army dispersed, the Creoles have never been subdued since their first appeal to arms; and no sooner has insurrection been quelled in one province, or locality, than it has unexpectedly broken out in another; and the Rebel forces are as strong to-day as at any time since the first general rising under the unfortunate Hidalgo. From this I have argued that the want is not of soldiers, but of leaders; and with this view I have planned my landing with many brave and experienced officers, believing that the moment our feet press their shores, and our purpose is made known, the natives will flock to our standard in such numbers as will enable us to effect an early junction with the other Patriot-leaders, and render the noble work of re-conquest both easy and sure."

"Heaven grant your Excellency be not disappointed in your expectations!" said I.

"I have been advised to land with a small army," he said, thoughtfully, "in order to make assurance doubly sure; but there are many weighty reasons why I shall not, besides my trust that God will aid the right."

The General further remarked, that he had many obstacles to encounter in fitting out his expedition, not a few of which resulted from the hostility of the Spanish Minister at Washington, and the English Consul at Baltimore.

"But," added he, with a proud air and a kindling eye, "I have ere now conquered their superiors, and do not fear them."

He then touched upon the purpose for which I had sought the interview, and asked me if I had seriously resolved upon joining the expedition.

"If he can serve as a gentleman, your Excellency, I will answer for him," said Forbes.

"What rank would suit you, Mr. Laurens?" inquired the General.

"I will accept any commission your Excellency may see proper to grant."

"Are you versed in military tactics?"

"Much better in the fluctuations of the market, your Excellency!"

He smiled, and rejoined:

"Would a lieutenancy suit your views for the present?"

"It is certainly as high a grade as my modesty would suffer me to accept for the first," I replied, with a smile.

"I shall endeavor to give you an opportunity for promotion, which, if I am any judge of character, you will not be long in winning," returned the General. "Let this be the understanding then between us; I can give you no commission while in this country; but I have a vessel fitting out at Baltimore, which I expect will sail in a few days for one of the West India Islands. If you wish to go out in her as a passenger, I will give you a letter to Count De Ruuth, who will see that you have good accommodations. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, I think, your Excellency!"

"We do not enlist soldiers at present—we must have a care of the lynx-eyes of the great Spanish Minister, the Chevalier Don Luis de Onis, who is continually troubling the President and Cabinet with most wonderful tales of the illegal proceedings of your humble servant; but as there is no law against our freighting our ship and taking passengers, I think, when we get our clearance, he will find he has wasted his time and his eloquence. Come! you must both breakfast with me—by which time I will have the letter ready for the Count."

I will merely add that we took breakfast with General Mina and suite, which was composed of European officers, to whom I was severally introduced, and whom I found to be well-bred gentlemen. As soon as the meal was over, the General presented me the letter referred to, and I took my leave, to make my preparations for a long journey.

As I retraced my steps to my old quarters, I could not but be struck with the great change which had come over me during the last three hours. From being the most depressed and miserable of my kind, I had passed rapidly to a state of buoyant exhilaration; and once more my mind looked into the future, not as a realm of darkness and gloom, but as a long vista of light, with the flowers of hope and happiness strewn along the pathway of my advancing steps. True, like the flowers which bloom to-day and to-morrow are not, each hope might perish, and each happiness wither and pass away; but the present had sunshine, and I was not disposed to look for clouds.

One year ago the thought of leaving my native land, and the loving hearts it contained—leaving my home, and kindred, and friends, perhaps forever—would have made me wretched; but now it was a joyful hope, that I should soon be far away from all I had ever known. Home I had no more—the stranger was within its sacred walls. Of the loving hearts, the true were mouldering to dust, and the false had cast aside the silver veil, and were standing forth in hideous deformity. Friends was simply a conventional term, to particularize those who had stood by me in prosperity—for their own support and not mine—and who had fled to seek refuge from the storm of adversity which had overtaken me. What had I to induce me to remain? Blighted hopes, blighted fortunes, blighted affections! What to go forth? The expectation of forgetting in new scenes, new pursuits, and strange adventures, all that had made me miserable; and the hope of regaining fortune, winning glory, and finding happiness. Lucky the man whose only misfortunes come early! for while the heart is in its spring, it has an elasticity which causes the blow of adversity to rebound that might crush it in the autumn of life.

I quietly but hastily made my preparations for leaving the scenes that had no longer any charms for me; and on the third day from my interview with General Mina, in company with perhaps my truest friend, Captain Forbes, I bade adieu to New York, and set out for the city of Baltimore, where in due time I arrived; and on presenting my letter to Colonel, the Count de Ruuth, I was kindly received, and told to hold myself in readiness for instant departure, as it was uncertain what moment the vessel would sail.

As the vessel was not ready to sail, however, I had my baggage taken to a convenient hotel, and fully resolved that the intervening time should not be heavy on my hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE.

My remembrance of Baltimore, called up through a long vista of years, is still a pleasant one. It is marked in my memory by three distinct characteristics—affable gentlemen, beautiful ladies, and lazy negroes—all else being lost among those trifles which go to make up the grand sum of human existence; and which, because of no deep impression at the time, are seldom re-called in after years.

On the evening of the 28th of August, 1816, in company with my friend and several other gentlemen, I stepped into the ship's yawl, and was rowed down the still waters of the Patapsco, the lights of the city glimmering with picturesque beauty behind us. Though our little boat was crowded, a perfect silence was maintained; and the steady, monotonous dip of the oars, the light ripple of water under her prow, and the low hum of the city, from which we were fast receding, were the only sounds audible.

Gradually, as we glided along over the placid waters, I fell into a deep reverie, with my spirit floating far back in the once happy past and reliving the golden portion of my brightest remembrance. Suddenly I was aroused by an exclamation of my friend; and looking up, I found myself within the dark shadow of our noble vessel, which was riding at single anchor just below Fort McHenry, her tall, tapering spars and shrouds stretching upward till lost in the dim light. The next moment the oars were unshipped, our little craft rubbed against the dark hulk, and a clear but heavy voice above sang out:

"Quick, gentlemen—all aboard!"

Then followed the hurry and confusion of scrambling up to the deck, and looking after our baggage, with the noise and bustle attendant upon a large body of men, collected and collecting for a voyage, ere that proper disposition has been made of each which enables the whole to settle down into anything like quietude. All on deck was activity and excitement; and a dozen voices were speaking together, some complaining of something lost or forgotten, some giving orders, and some greeting their friends and congratulating each other that at last we were about to depart for new and glorious scenes; while boats were continually coming and going, bringing fresh passengers and baggage, and returning empty for more.

Suddenly, amid the din and bustle, I was surprised to hear a clear voice ring out from below:

"In the name of His Britannic Majesty, I demand to see the papers of this ship!"

The next moment a British naval officer in uniform, and a small, middle-aged man, in a sort of military undress, appeared upon the deck, and created not a little excitement and some consternation.

"What right have you to demand my papers?" said the bluff skipper, coming forward and confronting his unwelcome visitors; while more than a hundred excited and curious men crowded around the parties, and mutterings, not loud but deep, were heard on every side.

"I demand them by the right in me vested, as His Majesty's Consul for this port, to see that no piratical ship, with a piratical crew, goes unlawfully to sea!" cried the little man in undress, in a loud, pompous tone.

"You use language unbecoming a gentleman!" returned the skipper, hotly; "and if I served you right, I should pitch you into your gig and send you back as wise as you came!"

"Do it if you dare!" rejoined the little consul, fiercely.

"Ay, pitch him overboard! Throw him into the sea!" cried a score of excited spectators, accompanied by many oaths and maledictions which I will not repeat.

"Silence, gentlemen! silence, all!" commanded the stern voice of Colonel De Ruuth. "Captain, as we wish to leave without disturbance, I beg you will satisfy this man that he is wasting his time here!"

"To oblige you, Count!" said the skipper; and he hastened to produce the ship's papers.

The consul examined the documents with scrupulous attention, and then handed them back, with the remark:

"I have done my duty, and regret to say it is not in my power to detain you—for well do I know your master and his purpose. Young men," he added, as he surveyed the group of faces around him, "if you will take the advice of one who wishes well to all law-abiding citizens, you will turn back from this piratical expedition, and save your honor and your lives! You go to conquer Mexico; but you go to its dungeons, to ruin, and to death! I have warned you."

"Three groans for the warning!" said a voice; and three hearty groans were accordingly given.

"Three more for His Majesty's officious little consul!" cried another; and the insulting sounds were repeated.

By the time the second series was concluded, the consul and his companion were in their gig; when away it shot like an arrow, and quickly disappeared in the darkness.

Long before midnight our numbers had swelled to over two hundred—the boats were swung up—our anchor was weighed—the sails were hoisted—and, putting slowly about, with a light breeze, we began to glide gently and quietly down the dark, star-spangled stream, into the broader waters of the Chesapeake, on our way to the mighty Atlantic.

We had taken a clearance for St. Thomas; but it was soon known that our present destination was Port-au-Prince, where we were to await the arrival of General Mina and staff, who remained to come out in a brig, whose military cargo was not ready at the time of our departure.

Of our voyage out I shall say but little; for besides the fact that there is little to interest the reader in the monotonous round of life at sea, I have enough before me of wild, romantic, and thrilling adventure, to fill the pages allotted to my narrative.

On the first of September we left the Capes of Virginia, in company with a Spanish schooner, which General Mina had hired to take out another command; but after keeping in sight of each other for a couple of days, our consort, which was much the fastest sailor, disappeared during the night of the third, and we saw nothing more of her till we reached the rendezvous.

Although for the most part the weather was pleasant, with a favorable breeze, yet for the first few days I suffered most intensely from that deathly, nauseating, enervating plague of nearly all landsmen who venture to "go down to the sea in ships;" and therefore, for the time-being, I kept my berth, praying for relief, even though it might come in the shape of a sinking vessel and a watery grave. When at last, after suffering more real misery than my vocabulary has words to express, I found myself able to walk the deck and keep food on my stomach, it appeared to me I did nothing but eat; and if our mess had flattered themselves that they had been blessed with a superabundance of rations while I was *un homme malade*, I am certain that, during the rest of the voyage, I gave them convincing proof of their folly, if not in reckoning without their host, at least in reckoning without me.

Of the two hundred that had embarked at Baltimore, to try their fortunes in a foreign land, under our renowned general, at least one half were rated as officers; and most of these were young men, full of daring spirit, ardent hopes, and lofty ambition. Being now collected together in a small compass, I had an opportunity to pass upon them physically, morally, and mentally; and as with many my destiny would probably be linked in the great events to which we all were looking forward, I improved the occasion to estimate them according to the best of my ability. With a few exceptions, the inspection satisfied me, that, as concerned my own countrymen, the general had chosen wisely; but of the majority of the foreigners, of whom there were a large number, I formed a less favorable opinion, though I cannot deny that native prejudice had its influence upon my judgment. The Spaniards and Italians I fancied too haughty, vindictive and treacherous; the French too light and volatile; the Germans too dull and phlegmatic; and the English too proud, overbearing and dogmatical. The Americans, as a whole, seemed to combine something of all the rest; but yet in such fair proportions as would render them capable of making a virtue of that which in excess became a defect, if not a vice.

Physically, a finer looking body of men I never saw collected together—most of them being young, and a majority of them handsome in form and feature: morally, I dare not speak in too flattering terms—for though at the risk of giving offence to some, I must assert my honest conviction, that the clarion notes of war call not together the best citizens, whose lives have never felt the shock of passions; but rather those wild, restless spirits, who find no congeniality in the quiet virtues of home; and who will do, and dare, and die heroically, yet will not bridle those inclinations which degrade and ruin them as immortal beings who have a life beyond the vail: mentally, I know that many of those I am describing had capacities of the highest order; and which, rightly directed, would have given their names to posterity along with the brightest lights of ancient and modern times.

Alas! where are they now? As I look back from my present stand-point in time, with the silver of many years upon my head, and think of some of those bright, noble, but gay and reckless spirits, who were my companions in arms, I shudder as I recall their glorious anticipations and remember their doom. But few are living now. Most went early down to the dark chambers of death; and if the Angel of the Present would summon their bodies from their rest, let him seek them in the briny waters of the great deep, on the battle-fields of Mexico, and in the dungeon graves of their inhuman conquerors.

During the voyage I was introduced to many of my brother officers, became familiar with the faces of all, and grew quite intimate with a select few of my own countrymen, one or two of whom I may have occasion to introduce to the reader, though not in this connection. The principal *amusements of* the voyage consisted in drinking an undue quantity of spirituous and vinous liquors, singing songs, telling stories, boxing, fencing and gambling; and at monte and faro a good many dollars changed hands.

At last, on the seventeenth day from setting sail, the welcome cry of "Land ho!" brought every one to the deck; but for some time nothing save a seemingly boundless waste of waters could be discerned by the naked eye. Then gradually a dark streak on the horizon, like a line of cloud, came into view; and before night we had anchored in the harbor of Port-au-Prince, abreast of the town, and once more found ourselves in company with our consort, and in close proximity to a Haytian frigate, which, with some two or three other vessels, formed the only shipping then riding upon the still waters of the Bay.

"Ned," said Forbes, as we stood upon the quarter-deck, taking a survey of the island, "I wish we had arrived here in the night."

"Why so, Jack?"

"Because it is just a tantalization to look at those delightful hills, which stretch up in gentle undulations above the city, covered with such beautiful, cooling trees, and vines, and flowers, with here and there a white cottage peeping forth, and to know that we must remain another night cramped up in this hot vessel."

"And can we not get permission to land to-night?"

"No! and that is the vexation. If we had got seen paradise so near, another night or so would not have mattered."

"And shall we be permitted to land to-morrow?" inquired I.

"I flatter myself there will be a mutiny if we are not, for some of the men are grumbling as it is. Come, Ned, let us make a night of it! Fletcher and Correa are anxious for another game of whist, and I feel like anything but sleep."

"Not so with me, Jack. I am resolved to turn in early, if only for the novelty of having one night's quiet rest."

"You will not play?"

"Not to-night, Jack—excuse me!"

"Then I will get Mason to take your place."

"Very well—I am satisfied."

I remained on deck, looking wistfully toward the shore, till the sun set in all the glory of a tropical clime, and night fell suddenly upon the late beautiful scene, and the lights of the town appeared sparkling in the distance.

On going below, I found my companions prepared to console themselves for the disappointment of not being permitted to go ashore. Some two or three parties had already seated themselves for cards, and the rest were getting noisy over several bottles of wine; and what with loud talking, louder laughter, the clinking of cups and snatches of songs, the apartment the while being blue with tobacco-smoke, I fancied I should have a delectable night for quiet repose.

Of course I had any number of pressing invitations to make one of the jolly party; but having a very distinct remembrance of more than one headache which such indulgence had cost me aforetime, I firmly declined, on the plea of indisposition, and turned into my hammock, though at the risk of being taken out bodily and compelled to become toaster-general for the mess. However, though loudly threatened, I remained unmolested; and in less than half-an-hour I was sound asleep—the last thing I remember being the chorus of a song, which proclaimed us victorious on every field, and which, being repeated by some dozen of voices, in every key, was much more emphatic than melodious.

Strange as it may seem, considering the inspiration of the scene around me, I began to dream a happy dream of Alice Staunton. I thought we were once more together, in the very bloom of youth, walking hand-in-hand through a cool and balmy grove, along the flowery banks of a rippling rivulet, and that a hundred gay birds were delighting us with their sweetest sylvan music. It was a scene for the holy communion of true love, "shut out from the rude world;" and as we glided along beside the silver stream, we felt all its beauty and enchantment in our inmost souls.

"We were born for each other, and will be ever true to the great design, sweet Alice!" I breathed in her ear.

"When we change, then shall all that is bright and pure and true and holy forever pass away!" was her silvery response.

Then, without knowing how or why, we were seated side-by-side in a golden barge, and were floating along on the still bosom of a larger stream, toward a lake whose waters shone like gold, and upon whose opposite shore, far in the distance, was a splendid city, with spires and turrets of shining silver. That city I knew had a palace more gorgeous than aught else in the world, and of that palace I was lord and my Alice was queen.

Suddenly I felt a strange fear come over me, and a sense of desolation more terrible than words can express; and the next moment I knew I was alone in a frail boat, in utter darkness, upon an angry sea, whose huge billows were tossing me madly about, and threatening each moment to engulf me; and while I struggled for life and called on God for mercy, a thousand demons shrieked in my ears, the darkness was lit up by an awful glare, and a red bolt struck and hurled me I know not whither.

Suddenly I awoke—but awoke to such a scene as I pray God I may never witness again! I was lying upon the floor of the cabin, in utter darkness, rolling about among seats and boxes, and half stunned with painful concussions; while the terrific roar of wind and sea—the crash of timbers and falling masts—the wrenching, groaning, and cracking as it were of the entire vessel, and the wild cries and shrieks of my companions—made an awful din, of which no language can more than convey the faintest idea.

Hardly conscious whether I was indeed awake, or the sport of some terrible dream, I at length, after repeated trials, succeeded in getting upon my feet; but the next moment, by a tremendous lurch of the vessel, I was thrown heavily forward, over some inanimate object, and fell upon a living body, who groaned out, in the very accents of despair:

"God have mercy on my soul!"

"What is it, Forbes?" I shouted, as I recognized the voice of my friend.

"Laurens, is it you? where are you? we will die together! and may God have mercy on our souls!"

"What is it? what has happened? am I alive and awake? for the love of God tell me!" I screamed.

"We are struck by a terrible tornado, and shall soon be at the bottom of the ocean. There! listen to that crash!—and there! oh, merciful Heaven! do you hear that rush of water? We are filling—we are sinking! Where are you, Ned? Good-by—we are done with time—we will meet in eternity—and may God be merciful!"

At this moment something seemed to crash through my brain, and I heard no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

THE WHITE SLAVE;

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

In our present number, we commence this new story by Emerson Bennett. It opens in a very interesting manner, and the interest never flags until the end. In the description of Mina's famous expedition, and in the other historical references of the story, the reader may place implicit reliance—as Mr. Bennett has taken great pains fully to acquaint himself with the best authorities upon the subject. Mr. Bennett, we have reason to say, is a very careful and conscientious writer; and never grudges the giving of many weeks, and even months, if necessary, in order that his stories may be both historically and locally accurate.

We trust our readers will call the attention of their neighbors and friends to this story, as the present number (the first in July) is a very good time to commence either a half-year's or whole year's subscription to THE POST.

THE LAWS OF TEXAS.

We see it stated in one of our contemporaries, that on General Gregory's arrival in Texas, he visited a lawyer at his office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie-knife, and gave it to the general. The general carefully examined it, laid it down, and said—"I desire to look at the laws of Texas." The lawyer replied—"*That* (the bowie-knife) is the laws of Texas. A few statutes have been passed. Nobody notices them. The only law used in *this* state, the only laws *here* noticed, referred to and used, are the bowie-knife."

It is also further said that the rule in Texas is at night, to walk in the road with a cocked revolver held forth; let no person come near you; if they do, shoot, and *kill* if you can. Any other plan will insure *your own* death.

We rather suppose the above to be slight exaggerations—the more so, as we remember a conversation we once had with Mr. C. W. Webber, the novelist and naturalist. After living in Texas, he resided for some time in this city, and once amused us exceedingly by his complaints of the danger there was in walking the streets of Philadelphia. Several persons had been knocked down and robbed, and Webber seemed to think it was about as much as a man's life was worth to walk in the streets of the "Quaker City" after nightfall.

Hearing him talk thus, we said that it sounded rather oddly from the lips of one who came from Texas—a State of which such bloody stories were told. But Webber insisted that there was ten times as much danger in Philadelphia as in Texas. "Now, in Texas," said he, "I was always armed, and of course I allowed no man to walk at night behind me—but here, one goes unarmed, and people are walking behind you all the evening. And it is ten times more dangerous than in Texas."

Webber spoke of Texas, however, in a very disorderly period, shortly after its annexation to the United States. There ought to have been a great improvement since that period, and we are inclined to think there has been, though perhaps a still further improvement would not be undesirable.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number opens with an unusually handsome and suggestive engraving called "The Distressed Bachelor." In the Fashion Plate, tasteful and attractive as usual, is a charming bridal dress. Then there is a wood cut of many piquant faces illustrating "The Hair," "The Pointalide Veil," "Zouave Jacket," and a plate consisting of seven figures of ladies and children, showing the newest and prettiest of the Summer Fashions. Music—"Idora Schottish." Among the stories are "The Distressed Bachelor;" "Pauline Beranger's Story," by Una Locke; the conclusion of "Sybil Ainsworth," by Harris Byrne; "The Boy and the Man," by Aunt Alice; and an interesting biographical sketch of Madame Roland, called forth by some recent discoveries. The poetry is by Maggie C. Pyburn, Emily Lester Leigh, Una Locke, J. T. Tutwiler, J. C. T., and others. The Toilet Novelties and Work Table are as usual profusely illustrated; and in the Editor's Department are Book Notices, Receipts, meeting the wants of the season, descriptions of Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Mrs. B. B. Thomas, of Xenia, Illinois, writes as follows:—

"I have delayed acknowledging the receipt of the Sewing Machine you sent me this long, in order to give the machine a fair trial before doing so. I have tried the machine faithfully, and believe it to be perfect—would not exchange it for any other machine. I am entirely suited."

APPROPRIATE.—The new Peace Society recently elected Mr. Alfred H. Love, of this city, as its President. What could be more appropriate than that Love should be at the head of the Peace Society?

ON THE DEATH OF OUR MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Keep her not back! the soul immortal
Is struggling for its upward flight,
And longs to pass the golden portal,
And bathe amid celestial light.

Keep her not back! for God has spoken,
And sent His message to her ear;
Her heart accepts the heavenly token,
Without a throb of doubt or fear.

Keep her not back! for earthly anguish
Has marked its seal upon her brow;
And days of pain and nights of languish
Have passed along in toilsome flow.

No more the tongue shall speak affection
To those who kneel beside her bed;
The heart hath lost its recollection;
Its wealth of earthly love is fled.

Though form endeared and gentle mind
Each in its order must depart,
Her parting words will be enshrined
As brightest jewels in the heart.

Keep her not back—the spirit thirsts
For regions void of earthly sin,
Where radiant sunshine on it bursts,
And God's own glory folds it in. J. W.

☞ A foolish story is going the rounds that the annual income of Wendell Phillips is $60,000 a year. Probably it is some other of the Boston Phillips. Wendell is a man in good circumstances—but is not wealthy.

☞ Queen Victoria has 150,000,000 heathen and about 40,000,000 Mahomedan subjects. If universal suffrage was established in her dominions, some form of Heatheism would probably be the established religion.

☞ A nosegay is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies a day will soon put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

☞ On a fence in Berkshire is painted in glaring capitals: "Use Dr. Prior's Cough Balsam;" and just below: "Buy your gravestones in Pittsfield."

☞ John Stuart Mills told his opponents in the House of Commons that "the conservative party is, by the law of its constitution, necessarily the stupidest party, which insures its being always an extremely powerful party."

☞ When young Billy Bottom lost one of his fingers, a few evenings ago, "Old Saratoga" overheard a conversation between him and Shecsicks about the loss. "Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I s'pose so, but how?" "Wall, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off or steal the trap."

☞ Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

☞ A confirmed toper was bothered how to honor his birth-day. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

☞ A drunkard, upon hearing that the earth was round, said that accounted for his rolling about so much.

☞ Eleven thousand dollars' mileage for a Congressman is a high price for most of the members of the present delegation from the Pacific.

☞ Pin-ta-jing and his fellow Chinese diplomatists are the present sensation in Paris. Everything they see is inferior to what they have in China. One of their attendants at the theatre was apologizing for the small size of their box. "We have them much smaller with us," they replied.

☞ MARRYING OFF HAND.—A young girl named Julia Maker, married a fellow named Jemmy Donnelly, in Buffalo, the other day, after a courtship of five minutes. She is only fifteen, and didn't know her husband's name previous to the marriage. All the simpletons are not dead yet.

☞ A new article called Terra Alba, or white earth, it is said now enters largely into the manufacture of confectionery, in place of sugar.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

VALPARAISO—A DAWN PICTURE—DISSOLVING VIEWS—ON SHORE—THE QUEBRADA—BUSTLE OF BUSINESS—HUMAN DEGRADATION—A BETTER HOPE.

Allusion to the over-religious, or almost sacrilegious proclivity of the Spaniard to desecrate some holy name or thing by associating with and naming after it terrestrial objects, has already been made somewhere in these sketches. The absolute absurdity of these christenings, in many instances, however, I do not remember to have seen written, or heard orally adverted to by any one, and an instance or two may not be out of place, or entirely without interest.

When the navigator Dias fell in first with that bold, rocky head-land fifteen leagues to the eastward of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the old quarter deck don happening himself to be shaking with an ague chill, named the land *Cape Frio*—"Frio," indeed! Decidedly the hottest tongue of territory along the whole coast of Brazil. I have seen in Spanish America double duplicates of the *Rio Dulce*, (Sweet River) and in every instance the streams are the foulest, filthiest, slimy, sickening water courses I have any knowledge of any where.

In one of the mud batteries on the bank of the river just below the city of Guayaquil, we saw on the day after the tussle they had with the Peruvians at the time they finished up the fighting of the Amazonia and Admiral Guise—we saw there the monstrous bronze smooth-bore that had done most of the mischief, its name blasphemously given, but very creditably cut on the breech—*Jesu Nino*. Nothing could be more out of place, or absurdly ridiculous; as first, the cannon was heavier than any five others in the fort, and rendered literally into English, the name it bore was *Girl-Baby Jesus*.

Looking at Valparaiso at long range as one passes in from seaward by Point Angels, (another misapplication of terms,) if it be early morning, the slant rays of the sun glancing upon red roofs, white walls, and making semi-transparent the fantastic vapors that float like bridal veils above this southern city of the sea, happening to understand the English signification of the name, one does not wonder greatly that it should have occurred to the old Spanish navigator when he first beheld it at such an hour, and from such a point of view, as a most fitting designation. Valparaiso—*Vale of Paradise*. All very well for the time, perhaps; but in after years, being built up into a Spanish city, having all the inevitable characteristics of Spanish American towns, in justice to ancient and honorable ideas, and the modern ideal, there should have been a rechristening of Valparaiso. Without going abroad for a new name, however, I know of nothing that would be quite appropriate. Hunting our own country over, perhaps that territory of our sister city of Manhattan, known as "Mackerelville," were fittest. Next, the ancient city of the Potomac, Alexandria. Valparaiso is certainly much more like either of these than it is like a *bona fide* "Vale of Paradise."

And yet this South Pacific city of the coast, this Chilean metropolis has certainly some pretty points of presentation as one approaches it from seaward. The city and surroundings have several times been described in print, I think. Nevertheless, as views themselves differ under different circumstances, and viewers differ wider under the same circumstances, we may perhaps from the deck of the Esmeralda, lying off Point Angels at sunrise, running very slowly into and anchoring within the bay during the forenoon, landing in the afternoon, and taking our own time in the most leisurely manner possible in making the acquaintance of Valparaiso and vicinity, it is very likely we may find here and there points of interest overlooked by other observers, perhaps something to admire in objects which they held in contempt, and foul blots where they saw only beauty—so widely at variance are our convictions and impressions of people and places.

The Esmeralda was hove to at midnight, about two leagues from Point Angels; first, because we were in no manner of hurry; secondly, because the breeze was light and baffling, blowing directly out of the bay, and our captain did not care to go beating about in the dark among the anchored shipping. Thirdly, and most important reason—as it had been arranged that the Esmeralda should remain in port as our home and head quarters during our stay at Valparaiso, Captain Marsden preferred to wait for daylight in order that he might the better select the most secure and convenient anchorage.

The view from seaward, from early dawn till sunrise in fine weather, is certainly magnificent beyond all conception or power of description. What a pity that it is so nearly all illusion, a fast fleeting show. First, as the gray dawn dimly reveals objects indistinct and often distorted, the brown rugged coast line rises dark, wild and fantastic; beyond, the nearer hills and heads showing a tinge of sombre green, deepening and darkening in the back ground, then brightening and growing brilliant in the loftier ranges nearer the rising god of day; glowing and glittering in gorgeous hues of purple and gold as the eye goes upwards, until the serried crags and inaccessible cliffs cresting the summit of the everlasting Andes, gleam and flash in the first rays of the morning sun with a splendor matchless and wonderful.

And over all there hangs a canopy of heavenly blue, undecked by a single fleecy cloud,

"An azure arched sky,
Pure as the Spirit that made it."

But soon the fleeting picture fades. As the bright warm sun rises higher above the lofty Andean barrier, the gorgeous tints rapidly grow dim, and the magnificent prismatic hues blend and blur and cover all the Pacific slope with a dull, sober, neutral tint; Valparaiso with its back ground of brown rock and water front still beautifully blue and studded with anchored ships—Valparaiso beginning to show its sober reality.

The bay of Valparaiso is merely a shallow indentation of the coast of no great extent, open on the north to the full force of the winds, which in winter blow occasionally from that quarter with great violence.

Passing in by Los Angelos, a high prominent head land, on which is a signal station, we have the whole harbor view open, and the city of Valparaiso stretching along a curved shore line of nearly three miles in extent, mostly in a single street, all laid out before us. First, the eye rests upon the bright emerald of the beautiful *Almendral*, so called from the numerous almond gardens in their luxuriant and lovely foliage; then along the curvature of the shore come the sometimes straggling, sometimes compactly built one-storied mud or *adobe*, white-washed, red roofed houses, hotels and hovels, with here and there a towering *eglasia*, or more pretentious public edifice, that in the aggregate make up the commercial metropolis of Chile and the most civilized city of South America.

One street that is in reality a street proper, is all that Valparaiso can boast. All the other thoroughfares are narrow, filthy, unpaved lanes, most of them *cul de sacs*, butting against the red clay hills and dull gray rocky cliffs at one end, losing the other in the water of the bay. Thus Valparaiso is squeezed into narrow limits—almost crowded overboard by these uncouth clay hills and ugly gray cliffs in the rear.

At the western extremity of the city, and directly in front of a *Quebrada*, a wild, narrow glen which divides the overhanging precipice in the rear of the town, is the principal landing for passengers and all sorts of merchandise. Here also, a little way up from the water, are the custom and government warehouses, exchange, markets, and main business mart. Very lively times always just about the Quebrada, and a foreigner landing there for the first time would naturally enough lay hold of the conclusion that Valparaiso is the most industrious, driving business hive in the whole world.

Now, in truth, there has been done in Valparaiso probably, averaging all years for twenty past, up to the day of the Spanish bombardment, as much business altogether as in one line is usually done by twenty of our Philadelphia wholesale dealers, ten commission merchants, as many grocers, and in one of our principal markets; all of it being done publicly at one point, and with the great deal of bustle and noise that the Spaniards always make in doing a little business, it is not to be wondered at that a stranger should come to the conviction that Valparaiso is a place of five times the business that it really is, and frequently so represent it.

The *Quebrada* is utilized, first by a very pretty plaza at its mouth, and then in all directions up its rugged sides run narrow, zig zag streets, forming terraces thickly built up, and the houses being all neatly stuccoed or painted white, having verandahs and latticed jalousies mostly, covered with a profusion of flowers, the view from the water or plaza is certainly exceedingly pretty.

But there is another side to the picture, not nearly so enchanting, and always presented without the trouble of turning. The landing is simply a bare beach, without pier, mole or wharf, an open space in front, and always this sort of levee is crowded with human brutes of all countries, complexions, characters, and ages of both sexes, boats belonging to ships of many nationalities are drawn up on the beach, their crews lounging among and drinking raw rum with dark Chilenos and duskier half-breeds—men and women, the majority more than half naked, many of both sexes entirely so with the exception of a narrow strip of very dirty cotton cloth wound about the loins, all obscene, vulgar and half or wholly drunk; children of tender years, male and female, apt scholars of elder brutes, and gray-haired beasts in deeper degradation, tottering blasphemously on the very brink of pauper graves.

Another always prominent and repulsive feature of this *Vale of Paradise* is the prevalence everywhere about the *Quebrada*, flanking the plaza, all among the water front, and packed in against the cliffs behind the town of low, filthy dens of infamy, that deal out liquid destruction and death in half a hundred hideous forms; all about them swarming night and day are a mixed multitude of degraded human beings of many nationalities, all ages, colors, and both sexes. Groups of Chilenos, old and young, men, women, and children, lounging everywhere—in the streets, passages, doorways, and public places—uncivil civilians and semi-civilized soldiers, several degrees more immoral, chatting, quarrelling, lounging in lazy listlessness—men, mothers, and maidens laughingly engaged in searching each other's heads for obnoxious vermin.

And then, everywhere, in broad, open daylight, may be seen sauntering in gay attire, women whose class is a fixed fact apparent at a glance—fallen angels, whose infernal avocation is human misery here and hereafter, mingling with low grade ruffians and licentious padres as shameless as themselves, in combination mocking all decency, and guilty of crimes that defy all codes to name them.

Such, without one word of exaggeration, is one feature of this southern *Vale of Paradise*, a feature that every foreigner landing in Valparaiso and canvassing the city with eyes open and senses about him, must of necessity look upon and lament. Naturally enough one finds himself wondering whether if the wrath of outraged Omnipotence was hanging over this sink of iniquity, and the terms of its salvation were the same as those offered to the "cities of the plain," if the required number of righteous could be found to save the doomed city!

Patience, reader, there is a better view of Valparaiso. One that is not all sin and shame, as this first one, that every stranger must needs first encounter in. There are homes and hearts in and about Valparaiso that are far better types of "South American Civilization." Society equalling our best at home, better than we have found elsewhere in all our wanderings. In another sketch I shall attempt to present the better aspect of Valparaiso.

SHADOWS!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When do shadows make a noise?
Not at night—when the moon shines bright,
And we see them flit along.
But in early morn, mid the busy throng
Of men, and girls and boys—
When Sol wakes up in his ruddy glow;
We hear the cry—as they hasten nigh—
Let us listen to the song.
It comes quite nigh, 'tis a piercing cry—
Shad O! shad O! shad O! R.

☞ A curious *menage* has just been established in the Jardin des Plantes. In an iron cage have been placed a young lioness, an Algerian wild boar, and a little dog. This last is quite the master, the lioness generally amusing herself with teasing the boar. When, however, the lioness goes too far, the dog interferes and re-establishes order.

☞ A "warm meal" in New Mexico consists of two crackers dipped in peppersauce. Simple, but not calculated to become popular.

HOW INDIANS TRACK
MEN AND ANIMALS.

(From Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border.")

Almost all the Indians whom I have met with are proficient in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be innate with them. Exigencies of woodland and prairie life stimulate the savage from childhood to develope faculties so important in the arts of war and of the chase.

I have seen very few white men who were good trailers, and practice did not seem very materially to improve their faculties in this regard; they have not the same acute perceptions for these things as the Indian or the Mexican. It is not apprehended that this difficult branch of woodcraft can be taught from books, as it pertains almost exclusively to the school of practice, yet I will give some facts relating to the habits of the Indians that will facilitate its acquirement.

A party of Indians, for example, starting out upon a war excursion, leave their families behind, and never transport their lodges; whereas, when they move with their families, they carry their lodges and other effects. If, therefore, an Indian trail is discovered with the marks of the lodge-poles upon it, it has certainly not been made by a war-party; but if the track do not show the trace of lodge-poles, it will be equally certain that a war or hunting party has passed that way, and if it is not desired to come in conflict with them, their direction may be avoided. Mustangs or wild horses, when moving from place to place, leave a trail which is sometimes difficult to distinguish from that made by a mounted party of Indians, especially if the mustangs do not stop to graze. This may be determined by following upon the trail until some dung is found, and, if this should lie in a single pile, it is a sure indication that a herd of mustangs has passed, as they always stop to relieve themselves, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the ordure would be scattered along the road. If the trail pass through woodland, the mustang will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian, on coming to a trail, will generally tell at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated.

I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

At another time, as I was travelling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear-track, with a distinctly-marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked with a smile, "Oh no, captain, maybe so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that, when the wind was blowing, the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.

Fresh tracks generally show moisture where the earth has been turned up, but after a short exposure to the sun they become dry. If the tracks be very recent, the sand may sometimes, where it is very loose and dry, be seen running back into the tracks, and, by following them to a place where they cross water, the earth will be wet for some distance after they leave it. The droppings of the dung from animals are also good indications of the age of a trail. It is well to remember whether there have been any rains within a few days, as the age of a trail may sometimes be conjectured in this way. It is very easy to tell whether tracks have been made before or after a rain, as the water washes off all the sharp edges.

It is not a difficult matter to distinguish the tracks of American horses from those of Indian horses, as the latter are never shod; moreover, they are much smaller.

In trailing horses, there will be no trouble while the ground is soft, as the impressions they leave will then be deep and distinct; but when they pass over hard or rocky ground, it is sometimes a very slow or troublesome process to follow them. Where there is grass, the trace can be seen for a considerable time, as the grass will be trodden down and bent in the direction the party has moved; should the grass have returned to its upright position, the trail can often be distinguished by standing upon it and looking ahead for some distance in the direction it has been pursuing; the grass that has been turned over will show a different shade of green from that around it, and this often marks a trail for a long time.

Should all traces of the track be obliterated in certain localities, it is customary with the Indians to follow on in the direction it has been pursuing for a time, and it is quite probable that in some places where the ground is more favorable it will show itself again. Should the trail not be recovered in this way, they search for a place where the earth is soft, and make a careful examination, embracing the entire area where it is likely to run.

Indians who find themselves pursued and wish to escape, scatter as much as possible, with an understanding that they are to meet again at some point in advance, so that, if the pursuing party follows any one of the tracks, it will invariably lead to the place of rendezvous. If, for example, the trail points in the direction of a mountain pass, or toward any other place which affords the only passage through a particular section of country, it would not be worth while to spend much time in hunting it, as it would probably be regained at the pass.

In traversing a district of unknown country where there are no prominent landmarks, and with a view of returning to the point of departure, a pocket compass should always be carried, and attached by a string to a button-hole of the coat, to prevent its being lost or mislaid; and on starting out, as well as frequently during the trip, take the bearing and examine the appearance of the country when facing toward the starting point, as a landscape presents a very different aspect when viewed from opposite directions. There are few white men who can retrace their steps for any great distance unless they take the above precautions in passing over an unknown country for the first time; but with the Indians it is different; the sense of locality seems to be innate with them, and they do not require the aid of the magnetic needle to guide them.

Upon a certain occasion, when I had made a long march over an unexplored section, and was returning over an entirely different route, without either road or trail, a Delaware, by the name of "Black Beaver," who was in my party, on arriving at a particular point, suddenly halted, and, turning to me, asked if I recognized the country before us. Seeing no familiar objects, I replied in the negative. He put the same question to the other white men of the party, all of whom gave the same answers, whereupon he smiled, and in his quaint vernacular said, "Injun he don't know nothing. Injun big fool. White man mighty smart; he know heap." At the same time he pointed to a tree about 200 yards from where we were then standing, and informed us that our outward trail ran directly by the side of it, which proved to be true.

Another time, as I was returning from the Comanche country, over a route many miles distant from the one I had travelled in going out, one of my Delaware hunters, who had never visited the section before, on arriving upon the crest of an eminence in the prairie, pointed out to me a clump of trees in the distance, remarking that our outward track would be found there. I was not, however, disposed to credit his statement until we reached the locality, and found the road passing the identical spot he had indicated.

This same Indian would start from any place to which he had gone by a sinuous route, through an unknown country, and keep a direct bearing back to the place of departure; and he assured me that he has never, even during the most cloudy or foggy weather, or in the darkest nights, lost the points of compass. There are very few white men who are endowed with these wonderful faculties, and those few are only rendered proficient by matured experience.

I have known several men, after they had become lost in the prairies, to wander about for days without exercising the least judgment, and finally exhibit a state of mental aberration almost upon the verge of lunacy. Instead of reasoning upon their situation, they exhaust themselves running ahead at their utmost speed without any regard to direction. When a person is satisfied that he has lost his way, he should stop and reflect upon the course he has been travelling, the time that has elapsed since he left his camp, and the probable distance that he is from it; and if he is unable to retrace his steps, he should keep as nearly in the direction of them as possible; and if he has a compass, this will be an easy matter; but, above all, he should guard against following his own track around in a circle, with the idea that he is in a beaten track.

When he is travelling with a train of wagons which leaves a plain trail, he can make the distance he has travelled from camp the radius of a circle in which to ride around, and before the circle is described he will strike the trail. If the person has no compass, it is always well to make an observation, and to remember the direction of the wind at the time of departure from camp; and as this would not generally change during the day, it would afford a means of keeping the points of the compass.

In the night Ursa Major (the Great Bear) is not only useful to find the north star, but its position, when the pointers will be vertical in the heavens, may be estimated with sufficient accuracy to determine the north even when the north star cannot be seen. In tropical latitudes, the zodiacal constellations, such as Orion and Antares, give the east and west bearing, and the Southern Cross the north and south, when Polaris and the Great Bear cannot be seen.

It is said that the moss upon the firs and other trees in Europe gives a certain indication of the points of compass in a forest country, the greatest amount accumulating upon the north side of the trees. But I have often observed the trees in our own forests, and have not been able to form any positive conclusions in this way.

Prussian Secrets.

A foreign letter, speaking of matters connected with the impending war, says:

These Prussian guns are well known in America; that is, as well known as anything can be which is kept so profound a secret. The explosive material which is used in manufacturing the cartridge is a compound of ingredients known only to one man—the inventor; and so determined is the Government that the secret shall not escape, that that man is guarded night and day by a squad of twelve soldiers; every letter which he writes is inspected, and he is not allowed to communicate orally with any person, except in the presence of his guard. The same man has applied his invention to a different purpose than that of a cartridge, inflammable at the touch of a needle. He makes a kind of shell, not much larger than a bullet, which explodes after it enters the body of a man, tearing the limbs to pieces with resistless force. These two secrets are supposed to make the Prussian army invincible.

☞ A gentleman, known for his habitual tardiness, was invited to join a picnic party, and appointed for that purpose to be at his friend's house at an early hour in the morning. Contrary to all expectation, he was the first on the ground, and his friend, in surprise at his punctuality, burst out—"So you've come *first at last*, you used to be *behind before*—I suspect you got up *early of late*." "Well," said the other, "I made sure of it—I haven't been to bed."

Whoever dwells at big hotels
Should be prepared to "bleed"—
The guest, 'tis said, can't well be fed,
Unless the waiter's feed.

☞ A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

A CHILD WHIPPED TO DEATH.

A Rev. Mr. Lindsley, a Mission clergyman, near Medina, New York, recently whipped his child, only three years old, to death, because it would not say its prayers. The *Rochester Union* says:—

"Lindsley's (that's the monster's name) statement before the coronor's jury, given yesterday, is corroborated by other witnesses before the jury. The body of the child told more plainly and pathetically than words could of the terrible punishment it had undergone. Several of its fingers were broken and the blood oozed from every pore. To conceal the crime the father tied the little one's hands behind its back and placed it in its coffin. While physicians were making a *post mortem* examination of the body, he sat by, coolly looking at the proceedings. After a while he spoke and asked them if they had not carried 'this thing about far enough.' The physicians discovered no disease about the child; it died solely from excessive and cruel punishment. The little one would have been three years old next August—whipped to death because it would not say its prayers.

"We are told that Lindsley justifies his horrid work. He thinks it was his duty to punish the child until his will was broken and he obeyed. Lindsley was arrested yesterday and committed to jail in Albion. It was with the utmost difficulty that the officers who had him in charge could keep the citizens of Medina and neighborhood from lynching the murderer on the spot. Lindsley is a man about five feet eight inches in height, well proportioned, has black whiskers, and dark complexion. He has the appearance of a man of violent temper. As to his character hitherto we know nothing against him. He has a farm, and is reported to be a man of some means. He has not charge of an established church, but preaches occasionally—is what is called a Mission clergyman.

"The murder is the all-absorbing topic of Orleans county, and the passions of the people have not as yet cooled sufficiently to allow them to look upon the affair calmly, and say what should be done to this man who has so grossly outraged their feelings and dignity."

The statement of Mr. Lindsley, the father of the child, made to a jury summoned by Coroner Chamberlain, was as follows:—"On the 18th of June, the child disobeyed his step-mother, and I commenced correcting him, using a shingle for the purpose, and continued to chastise him for more than two hours, when the child began to show signs of debility, and I ceased to punish him and laid him on a couch, and called my wife. When she saw the child, she said he was dying, and before 12 o'clock he was dead."

Foreign News.

The Java brings European advices to the 17th. War has at last commenced. The Prussian troops had entered Saxony and Hanover, and it was thought that the Austrians would attack them immediately. Throughout the whole of Germany there was great consternation and financial distress. A new Italian Ministry is being formed by Baron Ricasoli. The Atlantic cable has been finished, and the Great Eastern was to leave Sheerness June 30th. The Tallahassee and Sumpter, ex-rebel cruisers, have been sold at auction in Liverpool. *La France* states as its belief that the rumors concerning the intended abdication of Maximilian are unfounded. The action of the United States in regard to the Fenians gives great satisfaction. It is thought that Prince Charles of Bavaria will be appointed commander-in-chief of the Federal army. The Prussians occupy Lohan and Zittan and menace Schkenditz and Yeitz. The railway has been destroyed between Riesa and Dresden, and between Prussia and Saxony all passenger and postal communication stopped. All the valuables of Saxony have been sent to Bohemia for safety. All lines of communication have been interrupted by the Austrians on their side of the Po and Mencio.

☞ Telegraph poles in South Australia are made of mahogany at a cost of about four dollars and a-half apiece, because other wood will not stand the climate and burial in the ground.

☞ The curculio is unknown in Europe.

☞ One of the songs named in a New York music-seller's advertisement is,—of course,—of the motherly sort, and bears the title of "Send a Big Lock of my Hair to my Mother." Poor boy! he will probably survive the old lady, after all, and have a chance to sing, "Who will patch my trowsers now?"

☞ An old man committed suicide at Paterson, N. J., on his first wife's grave, because he didn't like his second. A letter was found in his pocket containing a feeling allusion to his recent troubles, and concluding with a touching request to be buried in the same grave with his dead wife.

"You're a wit and a scholar," said Tom to Dick;
"I can't say the same thing," said Dick,
"about you;"
"You might," said Tom, "were you reckless as I am,
And as careless of saying the thing that is true."

☞ One of the ablest physicians in New York asserts that no native American is ever attacked by sunstroke.

☞ CHOLERA AS A KEEPER OF THE PEACE.—A great German physician is publishing, in the Augsburg Gazette, a series of letters, in which he takes the ground that there are such germs of disease in Germany at this time, that if war breaks out there will be the most terrible epidemic of cholera ever witnessed.

☞ A subscriber writes to a Western editor—"I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replies: "I would not make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."

☞ Gen. Neal Dow has received a warm welcome from the temperance men of England, who anticipate much benefit to the cause from his visit to that country. "General the Hon. Neal Dow," is the style in which he is addressed by his English friends.

☞ A few days ago, in the state of Pennsylvania, a widower with seven children, was married to a widow with five children—neither party knowing that the other was blessed with responsibilities until after the wedding.

☞ A new textile plant has been discovered in Mexico. Its fibres are extremely long, having the appearance of those of hemp, but are much finer. By chemical means it may be reduced to perfect whiteness, and the waste may be worked into a pulp for paper.

☞ Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

A MAY MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARCIA HOPE.

Long years since we two parted!
It seems but yesterday—
Ah! I was broken-hearted,
And you were wild and gay!

You spoke of life's bright future;
I thought of its buried past,
And knew my path was duty,
Knew we must part at last.

You heard the passionate sobbing
I failed to control,
And bending down a moment,
You tried to read my soul—

But gay yourself and happy,
You could not see why I,
The silent little maiden,
Should weep so bitterly.

Lightly you stooped to kiss me—
That kiss, the first, the last,
Thrills through and through my being,
Though months and years have passed.

To me all words were useless;
The tears upon my cheek
Told what at that wild moment
My lips had failed to speak.

Thoughtless and free as ever,
You turned and left me where
I stood, in the low door-way,
In the soft summer air.

The summer's buds are bursting
Around me this bright morn—
But my heart's fair buds and blossoms
Are gone, forever gone!

Comes there no faint remembrance
Of a summer that is past?
Of roseate hopes that faded
In fate's cold, icy blast?

O! faithful, faithful Memory,
Bring back to me, to-night,
The past in all its beauty,
In all its witching light—

Bring back, for one brief hour,
The hopes forever flown,
Then melt in misty shadow,
Leave me again alone!

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EYE ISLE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

It still lacked a few moments of six, when Dr. Wedgewood and myself walked into the office of the Astor House, and requested our cards to be sent to Mr. Wardwell's room.

"I'll take them myself," said that gentleman, emerging from the reading-room. "I am charmed and highly honored by your gracious acceptance of my informal invitation. I really fear your have neglected some important business in order to favor me with your company. Walk up stairs, pray! You must excuse confined quarters. Hotel accommodations are not the most commodious in the world, as you may possibly know."

"There's not the least occasion for apology," Wedgewood said, briskly. "We do not of course suppose that you can find such accommodations in a tavern as we luxuriate in round on Nassau street; but we are not proud, and would come to see you here just as readily as though you supported the same style to which we are accustomed."

"Thank you," Mr. Wardwell said, laughing in his dry, quizzical way; and following him we soon reached his apartments—one of the finest suites in the hotel. "Sit down, gentlemen—sit down," he continued, "and then if you will have the goodness to excuse me for a moment, I shall have the pleasure of presenting to you my niece and a friend of hers," and he thereupon disappeared through a side door.

"So, we're to meet ladies," the doctor said, when we were alone; "I wish I had known it, I would have given a little more attention to my toilet. No I wouldn't either—I'm disposed of, worse luck to me! But I say, Guy, if the girl if handsome and stylish, and all that sort of thing, you had better make yourself agreeable. Wardwell would make a splendid addition to your stock of relatives. How a fellow *would* relish calling upon him some fine morning to say that he had won the young affections of his charming niece, and only lacked his blessing to make his happiness complete. How he would sympathize with a fellow—fall on his neck and embrace him, you know. Can't you imagine him doing it?"

Ere I had time to pass an opinion upon this graphic fancy sketch, Mr. Wardwell reappeared, accompanied by a tall, queenly-looking girl, and—good heaven! was I dreaming? or did I recognize the petite lady of the dell?

"Gentlemen, allow me to present my niece, Miss Anna Wardwell, who is kind enough to accompany me in my vagabondizing about the world, and keep me from falling into old bachelor ways, and from shocking the *beau monde* with my unsophisticated habits that I brought with me from Vermont; also our friend, Miss Agnes Fairstar,—Dr. Wedgewood and Counsellor Larringdon, ladies, distinguished gentlemen, very."

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Fairstar before," I managed to stammer, whereat Wedgewood looked mystified, and Mr. Wardwell indulged in his dry, quizzical laugh.

"Oh! yes, we are quite old friends," Agnes said, frankly extending her hand.

"Is it possible!" Mr. Wardwell continued, "it is really too bad to break up such pleasant relations by degenerating into prosaic lawyer and client, but so the Fates will it."

"Do you wish me to understand that Miss Fairstar is the person regarding whose interests you consulted me?" I asked, in unaffected surprise.

"You have hit it exactly, Counsellor—and as far as I can judge we are ready to commence proceedings; but I will see you about that in the course of to-morrow. You came here to dine, so we'll sink the shop, as we used to say up in Vermont. Anna, will you ring for dinner? Dr. Wedgewood, let me have your distinguished opinion of a plan the architect has just sent me for a house my niece talks of having me build on a bit of ground I own just out of the city."

"I little expected such a pleasant surprise was in store for me this evening, Agnes," I whispered, taking advantage of the momentary occupation of the other members of the company, "but tell me, pray, why you were so mysterious about your movements, and how happened it that you never mentioned your acquaintance with Mr. Wardwell during our joint stay at Oak Hill?"

"Oh! I had a nice little reason of my own for my reticence; but you see I kept my promise, to very soon advise you of my whereabouts, for which I hope you are grateful."

"I am not the least—I consider myself entirely indebted to Mr. Wardwell for having found you out at all."

"Well, I shall not quarrel with you; but what do you think of having me for a client?"

"I can imagine another relation that I should prefer."

"What, for instance?"

"Oh! I'm not going to tell you now," I said, with affected nonchalance.

Agnes colored slightly, and somewhat hastily changed the conversation by asking me how I liked Miss Wardwell.

"Having only seen her for a moment, I am scarcely competent to pass an opinion."

"I should think one glance would suffice to discover her beauty. Observe her when opportunity offers, and see if you do not agree with me that she is charming."

I promised to do so, and at that moment Miss Wardwell, who had withdrawn from the room for a moment, returned and announced that dinner was waiting, whereupon her uncle led the way to the adjoining apartment where the table was laid. The appointments were all elegant, and the entertainment itself was a decidedly *recherché* affair, displaying perfect style and taste in all its details.

While Mr. Wardwell and the doctor continued the discussion of the building plan, I had an opportunity for observing Miss Anna, whose attention was for the moment absorbed in doing the honors of her uncle's table. Agnes was right in styling her beautiful. As I have before remarked, she was tall, with a full, well developed figure, that displayed to admirable advantage a toilet rich, costly and faultless in taste. She had an oval face, restless blue eyes, quizzical and fun-loving in expression, and a mouth that was at once sweet and mischievous. She had evidently inherited a disposition not unlike her uncle's in many particulars, and one skilled in human nature would have decided, upon very casual observation, that a trenchant wit that bordered closely on sarcasm was one of her prominent characteristics, and that she did not always consider the effect her sallies might have upon the feelings of others; but it was also apparent that a warm, womanly heart was concealed under this half-satirical surface—one that would be true as tried steel when once gained, and I could readily understand how she would be almost the idol of a man like her uncle, and perhaps exercise over him an influence that no other could pretend to.

It was perfectly evident to me that my friend had not been an unmoved observer of our host's fair relative; and imagining he would enjoy a *tête-a-tête* with her, I adroitly managed to attract Mr. Wardwell's attention to myself by a casual remark in regard to the proposed building, and Wedgewood took advantage of it to draw Miss Anna into a lively conversation on European matters (for she had accompanied her uncle abroad, and the doctor was an experienced tourist.) Presently the prominent characteristics of both became manifest, and sharp replies were followed by witty rejoinders, till a running fire of repartee was passing across the table, greatly to the delectation of Mr. Wardwell, who seemed to be in his particular element.

After the dessert was removed we returned to the drawing-room, where, with music on the harp and piano and social intercourse, the evening passed so rapidly that eleven o'clock sounded ere we had thought of leave taking.

"By-the-way, gentlemen," Mr. Wardwell said, as we rose to make our adieus, "I have promised to take my girls to Greenwood to-morrow afternoon, and if your professional duties will admit, we should be obliged for your company."

"Were it simply to accommodate you, we should be under the necessity of declining," the doctor said, with a face of judicial gravity, "on the plea of an unprecedented pressure of business, but as there are ladies in the case, with whom that plea is never admissible, we shall be only too happy to accept your invitation."

"I trust you will not make yourself a martyr to your gallantry," Miss Anna said, with a mischievous smile.

"By no means, Miss Wardwell. Indeed, I am actuated by strictly humanitarian ideas. Without some seriously inclined person, like myself, to draw a moral from the surroundings, you would find that receptacle for the dead one of the most lonely of places, but I am fond of wandering among the tombs, and—"

"Is your name Legion?" Miss Wardwell asked, demurely.

"Alas! no. That scriptural personage, you may remember, it was impossible to confine by any bonds he did not straightway break asunder—whereas," and the doctor bent in a courtly bow, "*I* have been rendered as powerless as a fly in a spider's web (pardon the simile) by the simple glance of Miss Wardwell's eyes."

"Capital, doctor, capital," Mr. Wardwell said. "You couldn't have bettered that if you had been born in the shadow of the Green Mountains. Good night, gentlemen. We shall expect you to join us to-morrow afternoon."

"Isn't she splendid, Guy?" Wedgewood said, as soon as we were in the street.

"Who?" I asked, coolly.

"Who, stupid! Who should I mean, but that old unbeliever's niece. She's perfectly magnificent, and withal the brightest woman I ever saw, and as I'm a sinner, it made my head ache to think fast enough to keep even with her, and then she got the start of me once or twice handsomely."

"Oh! she's well enough," I said, with affected indifference, "but not to be compared to Spragg's daughter."

"Guy Larringdon, if you ever mention those two women in the same breath again, I'll—I'll—"

"What!"

"I'll cane you, see if I don't. It's too bad—it's almost blasphemous, it's—"

"Go on, doctor, don't hesitate to free your mind—I lately attended Bingle through a love attack, and shall know precisely how to treat your case."

"Stop! Guy, do stop! or I shall get angry. I am solemnly in earnest when I tell you I love Miss Wardwell. She is a true, noble woman, and although it sounds egotistical and conceited, I declare my belief that if I was free from that cursed engagement I could make her love me in return. It might take a long time, but the love of such a woman is worth striving for, and of infinitely more value than all the money that all the Spraggs of Wall street ever possessed. But what's all this to me? I am bound by every sentiment of honor to an affected little simpleton. Pretty wife she'll make. What good will it do me to try to gain a professional reputation with such an incubus attached to me? I shall be ashamed of her—she will mortify me every hour of the day. I won't try to gain a reputation. I won't try to do anything. I'll make myself a loafer like her promising brother, and get drunk and go to sleep on old Spragg's doorsteps, so that he will stumble over me when he comes home and break his neck. Yes, sir, I'll do it. I'll make her as ashamed of me as I am of her, and I'll spend all her money, and then commit suicide and leave her with a great family of ragged, disagreeable children—see if I don't."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, doctor," I said seriously. "I am sorry for your unfortunate engagement, and trust something may happen to relieve you from it. So long as you are not married your case is not hopeless."

"Yes it is, utterly hopeless. There's no way out unless I back out, and that I won't do. No, I must give up all idea of Miss Wardwell—perhaps she wouldn't listen to me anyway, but I tell you, Guy, I wish you could marry her. I believe I could bring myself to see her *your* wife, but I could not see her the wife of any *other* man."

"Thank you, Wedgewood, for your friendship and good wishes; but there are at least two insurmountable obstacles that would prevent me from acting upon your suggestion."

"What are they, pray?"

"In the first place, Miss Wardwell would not marry me upon any consideration. I am not at all the kind of man to suit her fancy, and, secondly, my inclinations lead me in a different direction."

"What! have you a sweetheart, Guy?"

"Not precisely, but there is a certain lady upon whose heart I have serious designs."

"And never told me. That's a specimen of your friendship, I suppose, but who is the lady?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Not I, unless it is that little Miss Fairstar we were introduced to this evening. Come to think of it, she's the one. I remember now you acted outrageously awkward when she came in, and blundered out something about having met her before."

I smiled acquiescently, and the doctor continued,

"Well, I shouldn't have suspected it, if you hadn't rather called my attention to it. So it's the little lady?"

"Yes, do you like her?"

"I was too busy observing the other to notice farther than that she was pretty and lady-like, but haven't you been having an eye to the loaves and fishes, old fellow?"

"I can scarcely be charged with that, as I only knew her as a music-teacher until to-night. I made her acquaintance by accident while at Oak Hill. She was then engaged in the family of Mr. Bottleworth as the musical instructress of his daughters."

"How beautifully romantic that lawsuit of yours is growing. Here we go for a three volume novel. Our ironical friend visits a young lawyer, and tells him of a lady who has been defrauded out of her inheritance by some old Shylock, and desires him to take the law on the villain and make him disgorge. My young Blackstone is only too happy to do it, because he never had a case in his life before, and his informant retains him, but goes off without giving the names of the parties plaintiff and defendant. Young Blackstone goes into the country to see his aunt, and there makes the acquaintance of a pretty girl who is poor and teaches music. They become charmed with each other, and young Blackstone goes back to town cherishing her image in his heart. By-and-by he meets her again at the hospitable board of our ironical friend, and presto! change! the pretty music-teacher is the ill used young lady with a prospective fortune, so they love each other, and young Blackstone gains the case, and then they marry and go to housekeeping in a brown-stone front. Nice story, isn't it?"

"Very," I said, "and I hope the *denouement* may be as you predict."

"It will—depend upon it. I wish *my* future looked as bright as yours does, but—well, who the deuce cares—I don't."

"The future may have something better in store for you than the present promises, doctor."

"Don't try to delude me with the fond illusions of hope. The Fates have a grudge against me—always had. Misery and Spragg's daughter are my portion, but my constitution is good, and for aught I know I can bear a regular course of Spragg's daughter as well as any one. I'll try, and when I get miserable past endurance I'll drop into your terrestrial Paradise, and draw a free breath in the atmosphere of happiness that surrounds yourself and the little lady."

CHAPTER XVIII.

My student, Samuel Spragg, Junior, did not take kindly to the legal profession. I believe for a few days he really made some persistent effort to gain an insight into the abstruse mysteries that many better men have found it hard enough to comprehend, but his progress was not very encouraging, and ere long he had fallen into his old habits of lounging away his time among not particularly reputable associates.

But dull of intellect, uneducated, and with none of the innate instincts of a gentleman, poor Samuel, Jr., did no worse perhaps than the majority of young men so circumstanced would have done. If he did not apply himself to the study of a profession for which he was altogether unfitted, it was principally because he lacked the necessary mental ability, and if he consorted with companions whose characters would not bear too close a scrutiny, it was perhaps for the good reason that he could not have made other friends if he would, and I dare say he sometimes had his longings for some different and better life he knew not how to attain.

But ostensibly Samuel, Jr., was still reading for the bar, and almost every day made his appearance at the office for a little while, more for the purpose it seemed of having a friendly chat with Flatts, for whom he had conceived a liking, than anything else. Indeed the young gentlemen had many sentiments in common, though Flatts had a good deal of impudent shrewdness in his composition, and though he had never known either father, mother, or local habitation that I could discover, and had been a vagabond all his life, he had picked up some hard world wisdom, which stood him instead of book learning, and all things considered was not badly fitted to fight a tolerable battle with life.

I had first seen him about six months previous, when ragged and dirty the young reprobate walked into my office one day, where the doctor was sitting with me, and had the supreme effrontery to insist that he had known us both very well in former times, and on the strength of that acquaintance solicited employment. There was something so absolutely refreshing in his impudence that we took him on joint account, and had found him not only useful in divers odd ways, as general man of all work, but decidedly amusing at times, when with a consequential air he would inform us that a phrenologist had once told him he had a singularly fine head for the reception of legal lore, and really, he had been looking into the books a little now and then, and was half inclined to make a regular thing of the law with a view of ultimately going into partnership with me.

On my return from the country I had noticed that externally Mr. Flatts had undergone some changes for the better. He had appropriated to himself a pair of pantaloons belonging to me, which were a pretty good fit, and a pair of the doctor's boots, which he had made to fit him by filling out the toes with cotton, and he also sported a new coat, which I concluded he must have found means to purchase, as it did not seem to have been confiscated from either of our wardrobes. And as he had always taken a good deal of pains with his hair and a little tuft of down on either side of his face, which he denominated whiskers, he was really rather a good looking fellow, and was, I began to think, quite an ornament to the establishment.

Such in outline was our retainer, Mr. Flatts, whom I found composedly engaged in reading "Chitty on Contracts," when I entered my front office the morning after our dinner with Mr. Wardwell.

"Good morning, Mr. Larringdon," he said, laying down his book with the air of a gentleman amiably disposed to be sociable. "I don't know as I have informed you of the fact, but circumstances have at length induced me to decide upon making a regular thing of the law."

"Indeed!" I said, gravely.

"Yes," Mr. Flatts continued, "but I fear I shall be unable to associate myself with you after all. The fact is I'm going to take up Sam Spragg. He'll never make a lawyer—hasn't the brains, you see—but he has capital, and I flatter myself, Mr. Larringdon, that I," and he tapped his forehead significantly with his forefinger, "have sufficient ability for the firm. Having such a connection in view, I am naturally desirous of making the most of my time, and knowing this you will of course excuse any little inattention to your business you may observe hereafter, though I by no means intend leaving you."

"I am delighted to hear that we are still to have the benefit of your society," I said, with difficulty restraining my merriment at his unblushing audacity. "It's all understood, I presume, between yourself and Mr. Spragg."

"Perfectly, so far as the general plan goes. The details Sam leaves to me, which is the most sensible thing I ever knew him to do, for between us he has no head for business, and we have made some start, at least we have got one real client."

"A real client!" I said, in amazement. "Who is he, pray?"

"A very remarkable old file, Mr. Larringdon. Indeed I don't quite comprehend him myself, and it's a deep one that I can't fathom. But a few days after you went away into the country an elderly chap, with beard and hair as gray as a badger, and the most extraordinary habit of taking snuff, comes marching into the office one morning and finds Sam and I at our pipes, and wants to know if he could get a deed filled out. Of course I told him he could, though not having really commenced my studies then, I was not precisely certain about the form, but I promptly undertook the job, finished it up to his satisfaction and mine, charged him five dollars, which he paid without a word, and went off saying he would call again when he had anything in our line. Sure enough he did. The next day he came back to have a contract drawn, and every day after that for nearly two weeks he was here wanting some paper made out, and in one way and another old Marwood paid me over fifty dollars and got very sociable and friendly, and inquired all about our histories, and used to invite us out to supper somewhere every other night, and finally he told us that if we would hurry up and start business on our own account, he would use all his influence for our benefit. That's what I call a client worth having."

"I should think so," I answered, not a little mystified by the recital, "but, by-the-way, Flatts, how much of what you have told me is truth, and how much is manufactured for the occasion?"

"Sir, do you mean to call my word in question?" Mr. Flatts said loftily, stretching his small figure up to its most imposing capacity.

"Not at all, though you have a horrid habit of lying, which, however, may stand you in hand in the profession, but I really feel some curiosity about this client of yours, and should like to know the truth of what you have told me."

"Well, sir," Mr. Flatts continued with perfect equanimity, "I've told you just about as it is. I don't know why he should take such an interest in Sam, but he does—in fact I know very well, though he never said so, that what he has done and will do for us is mostly on Sam's account, which is singular considering where the intellect is. Lately they have been together pretty much all the time, and such sprees as they get on. By George! it worries me sometimes for fear Sam will become intemperate."

I thought it not at all unlikely that Mr. Flatts' apprehensions in regard to his prospective partner were not entirely without foundation, though how much this Mr. Marwood might have to do with leading him to destruction was another thing; but, after all, there was something that struck me as singular in the sudden intimacy that had sprung up between an old man and these two youngsters, neither of whom had anything in particular to recommend him to the favorable consideration of age. Besides, who *was* this Marwood? Where did he belong? and how did it happen that he had kept out of Wedgewood's sight while paying such frequent visits to my office, as he certainly had, or the doctor would have mentioned such a noticeable circumstance as the presence of a client of any sort in my chambers, and finally why had he avoided them since my return?

I can scarcely explain it, but it came over me very strongly that some deep game was here playing—that this Marwood, as he called himself, had some other object in view than his ostensible one, and without knowing why, I set him down as a dangerous man, with whom these two fellows, the one almost a fool from natural stupidity, and the other from egotistical conceit, were tampering at their peril, yet it was difficult to conceive what motive he could have for doing them an injury.

Vagrancy and dissipation in their several forms were probably the worst crimes that could be laid to the charge of either, and how these could have bred any implacable enmity I could not understand, and I determined to mention the matter to Wedgewood, and if his views coincided with my own, to endeavor to obtain a sight of this mysterious old gentleman, and learn what he was about.

A few moments after the doctor came in from his own dormitory, and Mr. Flatts, with a magnificent air, withdrew to prepare breakfast, and I took advantage of the occasion to relate the substance of my late conversation. Rather to my surprise, Wedgewood heard what I had to say with more than ordinary gravity, and when I had finished, remained for some moments lost in reflection.

"I agree with you," he said at length, "that there is more in this than appears on the surface, and curiously enough it recalls a little incident that occurred a few days after my first introduction to our friends of Fourteenth street, though it came to me second hand through Mrs. Spragg. Her husband, it seemed, had lost a vessel at sea, and an old fellow, who answers very well to Flatts' description of his client, even to his snuff taking proclivities, by some sort of ill-timed officiousness prevented him from getting some insurance that he otherwise would, and was pertinaciously at his heels most of the afternoon, conducting himself in a singular, not to say downright insolent manner. Who or what he was, Spragg professed to have no idea, but his presence evidently worried him more than he cared to admit; and from little hints that the old lady has dropped now and then, I conjecture that this old graybeard has maintained an extremely annoying *espionage* over my prospective father-in-law ever since, which he would give something to be rid of, but either cannot or dare not bring it about."

"And supposing this Old Man of the Sea and Flatts' client to be one and the same person, what inference do you draw from it?"

"It looks as though he might be some one who had suffered in former times through some rascality of Spragg's, and owed him a spite, at least that would account for his treatment of him personally, but hardly for his intimacy with young Sam, unless he was trying to make a fool of him, and intends to pay off some old grudge against the father by leading the son into trouble. But there's no use in puzzling ourselves over it. It is only guess work at best. Let the Spragg take care of themselves, and we'll go to breakfast."

The meal was just concluded when the doctor's office bell rang. Flatts went to reconnoitre, and presently returned, accompanied by Mrs. Spragg's servant, Klaggit, who came in with the customary pull at his cap, which with him passed for a bow.

"Mornin'," observed the loquacious Mr. Klaggit, pausing in the middle of the floor and bestowing upon his cap another vigorous pull.

"Have you any message for me?" the doctor asked, knowing Mr. Klaggit's aversion to saying anything except in reply to a direct inquiry.

"Brung a letter," he tersely rejoined, without evincing the slightest disposition to produce it.

"Well, why don't you give it to me, then, blockhead?" the doctor said sharply.

"Cos you never axed for it," Mr. Klaggit replied, oracularly, as he handed forth a little rose-colored envelope, fragrant with musk.

"Tell Miss Lydia we will come," the doctor said, after glancing hastily over the note, while an angry flush swept over his face.

"All right—you'll come—tell her," the youth responded; and turning on his heel, bolted out, with his usual celerity.

"What are the latest advices from Fourteenth street?" I asked, when the messenger had departed.

"Read and see," Wedgewood growled, as he tossed the note across the table. I opened it, and read what I transcribe, *verbatim et literatim*:

AT HOME, FRIDAY MORN.

Dear Doctor—It is three dais sence I see you, and I begin to bee affrade you have seased too luv me and my hart is allmost break. If you stil cherrish enny fealings of afection for me come too me too nite at seyn o'clock. I have a cozen with mee from Oak Hill, who is acquantted with your frend Mr. Larringdon so you may bring him to—for she wants to see him and we are going too have a litle soiree.

Toojours le votre LYDIA.

"Truly an elegant production!" I said. "Two-thirds of the words in the vernacular misspelled, and concluded with a French phrase, which, strangely enough, has the right letters in the right places. Your *fiancée* is evidently accomplished."

"Oh! yes, there's no doubt of that. She's a woman for an educated man to appreciate. Don't you envy me my prospective happiness? And if I could only put it into a stock company, wouldn't you like to take a few shares?"

"No, I am opposed to stock speculations; but while I think of it, wouldn't it have been about as well for you to have accepted your part of the invitation, and left me to dispose of mine as I thought proper? I mention it, because I haven't the smallest notion of coming within the orbit of that horrid Miss Bottleworth again."

"Yes, you have—you are not a fellow to desert a comrade in distress, and you can surely endure Miss Bottleworth for one evening, if I can her cousin for a life-time."

"Don't say another word—I'll go," I answered, laughing.

"I thought the common feelings of humanity would prompt you to make that much sacrifice upon the altar of friendship; but who is coming now? Another emissary of the Spraggs, to torment me before my time, I wonder?"

Another step had sounded on the landing, and as the doctor ceased speaking the door opened, and in walked Mr. Bingle, happy and smiling as a May morning.

"Why, Bingle, my dear fellow, what has happened?" I said, for during the whole course of my acquaintance with him I had never seen his face so expressive of unalloyed happiness. "Has some one left you a fortune, or are you about returning to Oak Hill?"

"Neither," the literary gentleman said, rubbing his hands violently, as was his custom when particularly pleased, "but I believe my luck has turned—fairly turned. You may re-

member my saying once, just after that unfortunate heart affair of mine, that the Fates had never done the fair thing by me, and never intended to. The first was pretty *doosid* true, and you know yourself what a miserable time I have had of it, but they're going to make it all right now. By Jove! I shouldn't wonder if I made my fortune and published Jephthah's Daughter yet."

"That's encouraging; but you haven't given us the particulars."

"To be sure not, but I'm so frustrated. Would you believe it? Strand has offered me the place of theatrical reporter on the *Bumble Bee*, at *six dollars a week*."

"Your luck is turning, sure enough, Bingle," Wedgewood said, with an expressive smile, the meaning of which I could not gather. "There's no confounded mistake about it, is there?"

"Not a bit of it, I have Strand's note, wherein he makes me just the offer I tell you, and asking me, if I concluded to accept, to call around this morning. I'm on my way there now, but thought I must step in and let you fellows know how *doosid* fortunate I had been."

"That was right," Wedgewood said, with more feeling than he usually evinced. "We shall always be glad to hear that you are in luck. If you are going round to the *Bumble Bee* office, I'll walk with you. I want to see Strand myself this morning."

"Thank you very kindly for your sympathy, doctor. I believe you fellows are the best friends I ever had; but I say, Guy, I almost forgot to tell you that I have just received an invitation from Miss Bottleworth's cousin to attend a little party at her house this evening. I should like to go, just to see some one who lives at Oak Hill. Do you or the doctor happen to be going? You are both acquainted there, I believe."

"We shall both be there, and right glad to see you," the doctor said; "but come, let's be off. Guy has a consultation with a client this morning, and between you and I, Bingle, when anything of that kind is going on in these chambers, I always deem it safest to be out of the way, for fear the old Nick, who, as you are aware, is the lawyers' patron saint, should take it into his head to be present at the interview."

"It would be *doosid* disagreeable to meet the devil round here on Nassau street in the day time," Mr. Bingle said, as the two left the room, and they had scarcely more than time to gain the street when I heard Mr. Wardwell's heavy, precise tread, and a moment after he entered my office. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VALENTINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Time, touch her lightly,
She is mine!
Spare her yet many a day,
Take not her bloom away,
She is mine!

Come, thou must take care—
She is mine!
Many as fair a flower
Thou hast crushed in an hour,
She is mine!

Joy, dwell thou with her,
She is mine!
Keep her path always bright,
Save her from sorrow's blight,
She is mine!

Hope, thou shalt keep her,
She is mine!
Point, as her guiding star,
Where her best pleasures are,
She is mine!

Love, thou shalt crown her,
She is mine!
Joy, Hope and Love combine,
Crown her my Valentine,
She is mine!

Horses of the Desert.

The Arab horse is watered only once in twenty-four hours. He is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley; these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when their stones are soft, and are eaten stones and all. In the spring he is turned out on the pastures; but in the summer, if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. On this scanty fare, a good horse in the desert is expected, if necessary, to accomplish, for five or six successive days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles; and after a couple of days' rest and good feeding, he will be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting-place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; and if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue how far you can yet depend upon your horse, get off his back and pull him strongly by the tail; if he remains unmoved, you may still rely upon him. "It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse going one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours!" The requisites which the men of the desert look for in him, are that "he should carry a full-grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him."

A horse of the Sahara is calculated to live from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty; his prime is indicated by the following proverb:—

"Seven years for my brother,
Seven years for myself,
Seven years for my enemy."

The Arabs of Upper Asia have regular genealogical trees of their horses, in which the birth and parentage of a colt is affirmed by evidence such as would be taken in a court of justice; while among the tribe Annaya there are horses so priceless that it is at least impossible even for great personages and wealthy merchants to pay in cash for them; they give a number of bills therefor, falling due at intervals of twelve months, or else bind themselves to pay an annuity forever to the vender and his descendants. But perhaps nothing exemplifies the high value put upon a horse by these wandering people so much as this fact, that although delighting in war and bloodshed, they never kill a farrier; they would as soon think of poisoning a well; he has only to alight, and imitate with the two corners of his burnous—raising and depressing them by turns—the movement of the bellows, and his life is held as sacred as that of a herald or a priest among more civilized nations.

Pleasure.

From our school days upwards we are taught, first by masters and discipline, and afterwards by the temper which we find prevailing in the world outside, that if anything is pleasant it is pretty sure to prove to be wrong. It is attempted to represent even cricket and football rather in their utilitarian aspects, as good for the body, just as grammar is good for the soul, than as means of pleasure and enjoyment. The notion that pleasure as pleasure is a desirable thing is repugnant to the heart of the commonplace pedagogue. The theological idea that mortals are sent here as to a place of sore chastisement and mortification has taken deep root. The more dull, difficult, and unintelligible a Latin grammar, the more suitable it is for the use of boys. All the most obviously uninteresting books are on that account the more creditable kind of reading. If a lad or a man be found pouring over Milner's "Church History" he is well thought of, because it is dull and dismal; but if he were laughing over "Pickwick" or "Tom Jones," nine people out of ten would declare him, in comparison with the discipline of Milner, to be wasting his time. That pleasure, amusement, mere recreation, thorough unbending, is a legitimate object of deliberate pursuit, is a truth pretty invariably disparaged, just because a man immoderately addicted to self-indulgence is a very bad sort of man. People do not seem to suspect that it is possible to be just as immoderately and evilly addicted to work as to indulgence, and that an equal amount, though of a different kind, of mischief may accrue to one's family from excess in one direction as in the other. The proposition that all pleasant things are right is untrue, but it is certainly not so radically untrue as the more popular proposition that most pleasant things are wrong. And the prevalence and popularity of the more untrue of these two absurdities has an especially mischievous effect. Its constant presence, exerting an influence of whose operation one is mostly unconscious, checks—and, if it be supported by other influences, such as a conviction that mirth is unscriptural, actually extinguishes—all blitheness and freedom of spirit. Why should not a jocund capacity for pleasure and enjoyment be as eagerly desired by parents and teachers as a capacity for remembering dates or names? It may be said that Nature settles the first, and that she only is responsible for it, whereas, though she may have to give one the faculty of memory in the first instance, it must be developed from without afterwards. As if Nature could be responsible for the cheerfulness and joyousness of a creature whom every care is habitually taken to depress. This is the department in which the moral part of education has always been weakest, though vigorous attempts are occasionally made to strengthen it. That people should be trained and encouraged to be upright, self-controlling, industrious, and magnanimous, is never denied. But there is every bit as much reason why the faculty of being jolly, of finding an eager pleasure in all sorts of objects and pursuits, should be trained and encouraged.—*Saturday Review.*

The Story of a Widow.

In the great annual exhibition of pictures in Paris there is this year a portrait of a lady, with the simple title of "The Widow" in the catalogue. There is a terrible story connected with this picture, and it is thus related by a correspondent:

The lady is the Countess O———, who, although only twenty-four years of age, has been twice widowed. She is said to be of humble birth, but when only sixteen years old her great beauty attracted the attention of the Marquis de D———, who married her. On leaving the church, however, the marquis was assassinated by some obscure rival, and the lady was left a widow with an immense fortune. The marquise retired to a convent, where she remained till her twentieth year. She then made a journey to various parts of Europe, and visited, among other places, St. Petersburg, where one of the most wealthy boyards of Russia placed at her feet his heart, his diamonds and his millions. The marriage was celebrated in the house of the bridegroom's mother, in a remote part of Russia, some distance from his own estate. The newly-married couple left for their new home in a magnificent sleigh. On the way they were attacked by wolves, and the count, in trying to defend his bride, made a false step, fell out of the sleigh into the snow, and was immediately devoured by the wolves. The horses, mad with terror, dashed off with immense speed, and did not stop till they arrived at the count's chateau, which was brilliantly illuminated for the reception of the newly-married couple.

Oriental Shrewdness.

A correspondent of the New York Observer narrates the following incident of a Persian Governor, which reminds one of the shrewdness of Solomon:—

He is very shrewd,—as you will allow when I tell you what he did last week. A Jewish pedler was suddenly called upon to pay fifty dollars. Not having it at hand, he applied to a "Hadji," or pilgrim who had visited Mecca, for the loan of that amount for a short time. The Hadji at first refused, but finally consented when the Jew agreed to leave his pack of goods as a pledge. In due time the Jew returned with the money to redeem his property, worth about a hundred dollars. The Hadji disclaimed all knowledge of any such transaction—did not know the man—had never received any pledge from, nor given him money. In vain the Jew plead for his little all. He finally complained to the Prince, who ordered the Hadji to be brought before him. The Hadji came, and, with oaths, stoutly denied the charge; was greatly enraged at the "dog of a Jew" for insinuating that he was guilty of such a thing. The Prince quietly heard him through, and then asked the Jew for his proof. Proof failed; and the Prince turned upon the Jew, and berated him at a fearful rate for presuming to impeach the fair name and character of one of the faithful. To use an oriental expression, which I see you occidents have adopted, the Jew completely "dried up." He trembled, turned pale with fright, and expected to be dealt with very summarily. The Prince then turned to the Hadji, and said—

"You are a good Mussulman, and doubtless say your prayers?"

The Hadji piously rolled up his eyes, as much as to say, "God is my witness."

"Very well; good Mussulmen always pare their nails before prayer, and of course need a knife; let me see yours."

The knife was produced.

"A good Mussulman always combs his beard before he prays; where is your comb?"

This was also forthcoming.

"A good Mussulman also carries the sacred seal, with which he bows his head in prayer; let me see yours."

This too was given up.

"A good Mussulman also usually carries a string of beads to assist him in his pious meditations; where is yours?"

The beads were also transported to the hands of the Prince, who then said to the Jew, "Take these to the wife of the Hadji, and tell her that the Hadji commands her to give you that pack of goods, and these are the tokens." The Jew ran to the house of the Hadji, showed the tokens, and delivered the message. The unsuspecting wife immediately produced the goods, which were brought and placed before the discomfited Hadji. The Prince then ordered him to prison, saying—"After Novrouz (the 21st of March, which is the Mussulman's new year) I will attend to your case."

A Curious Trade.

Insignificant as cobwebs are, they feed whole families in Paris. I must confess fools give them their value. But, lor bless you! if all fathers got none but wise children, half the shops would be closed. What would become of drinking saloons, usurers, jewelers, venders of panaceas, sellers of revolvers, makers of poignards, artists in wigs, brokers of false hair, manufacturers of tobacco, distillers of spirits, if a rinderpest should sweep away all stupid animals?

Fools go to cheap restaurants and to vintners, and expect to get for a few sous the best wines of France. They wont pay more than forty cents, and for this sum of money they ask for Clos Vougeot or Chateaux Margeaux. A demand for any article superinduces a supply.

No tradesman likes to confess he has none of an article which the best people in the trade keep. It demonstrates he is not one of the best men in the trade. Therefore, let a fool ask for Clos Vougeot in any restaurant or vintner's in Paris, he is sure to get a bottle so labelled. As these finer wines improve with age, and, as the quality of the wine leaves a good many of the essentials of Clos Vougeot to be desired, it is necessary to call in artists to aid deception. Thus the demand for cobwebs arises. When they are placed on the bottle with "giddy head," wine, which ten days ago was in the cask, looks venerable and seems oppressed by accumulated interest, raises in every breast an irresistible impulse to stop interest's running. The dealer in cobwebs has likewise a liquor which softens and colors the cork to make it assume the stains of time. He has two essences which give wine the flavor and odor of the choicest vintages. He does not spread his cobwebs without preparation on the bottle; they are previously steeped in a preparation of gum which makes them adhere without losing their appearance. After he lays them on the bottle, he sprinkles a little soot on them—there's your Clos Vougeot, ten years in bottle, for only forty cents. Mon Dieu, what delightful wine!

Would you know how to discover whether the wine you are drinking has been tampered with? Observe if its nosegay is violent and attempts to carry your nose by assault, and disappears in a very short time. In this event be sure it is adulterated, and this nosegay is obtained by artifice. The nosegay of pure wine is modest, appears slowly, woos the nose, dallies with the palate, and exhales all its fragrance only when the bottle's bottom is reached.

The majority of the cobweb dealers have their factories and "hands." They live in the most sordid quarters of Paris. Their rooms are filled with cobwebs, and to secure the requisite quantity of dust on them, they leave their windows open every day to allow the dust from the street to enter. They give chase to every spider they see, and rarely fail to capture him. The spider caught is carried home, put at ease and well fed. The master is the sworn enemy of flies. He has a bottle for them in his pocket as well as for spiders, and usually gives spider's balls at night in low cafes. He takes a half-dozen of his more intelligent spiders, places them on a large dish, (which he carries in a leather satchel slung under his arm, and secured on his shoulder by a strap,) and whistles to them. They dance in a most ludicrous manner, and when he hands around his cap it is commonly well filled.—*Spiridion in Boston Gazette.*

Men and Women.

The author of "Mirk Abbey" says:—"Much as women are praised for their superior tact, it is my humble opinion that they possess less of it than ourselves. Their gentleness, beauty, and general attractiveness enable them, it is true, to render certain rough places tolerably smooth—nay, some almost impregnable passes very practicable; but considering their great advantages, they often signally fail in a piece of social engineering, the difficulties of which almost any man would have managed to evade. They prefer cutting a tunnel through granite to deviating a hairbreadth from the line they have marked out for themselves. How often has one sat on tenterhooks, listening to a woman who raises a domestic breeze to storm, when anybody but herself (who has yet been married to the man a score of years) can perceive both drum and cone mast-high in her husband's face and manner; nay, when you, the spectator, have marked half-a-dozen openings—only she *will* charge with her head down in that foolish manner—by which she could have approached her consort's heart in the course of discussion, and got all she wanted, and yet let him keep his temper. When a *Man* happens to have some feminine gifts, tenderness, grace, beauty, what power of pleasing, what avoidance of all subjects of *displeasure* he almost always exhibits, notwithstanding his masculine selfishness. Men talk of the nameless charm that hangs about some fair one, her unspeakably winning manners, and the grace "beyond expression" that pervades her being; but the influence of such a character is almost entirely confined to the other sex. She cannot compel adoration from her young-lady friends: not solely because she is their successful rival, but partly because she does not possess the art of winning them. She has not the tact to conceal her superiority, to conciliate their prejudices, to win their friendship."

A GENTLEMAN, who wanted to make a talking speech to a Sunday-school, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and this is what happened:—

"Now, boys, what does a man want when he goes a fishing?"

A shrill voice in the crowd went directly to the point with—

"Wants a bite!"

The gentleman sat down without further remarks.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XI.

Adriana awoke the next morning with a vague feeling of weariness, a luxurious feeling nevertheless of disinclination for exertion,—a sort of half torpor, as though she were conscious and unconscious at the same moment. Her thoughts were in a state of inactivity also. She neither looked back nor looked forward; she was dwelling in an atmosphere of perfect repose. Nurse Alison had been in with Pearl and Charley to see her, and Pearl had begged to stay, but Adriana wished to be alone.

"I shall get up for dinner," said she; "so I must rest a little longer."

And they went away, and Adriana endeavored to collect her thoughts, and to fix them on some plan of action. She was surprised at her own calmness; she felt no agitation; she was perfectly composed. She lay revolving the past and the present until it was time to rise and dress for dinner. With a steady hand she opened the drawer, and lifted out the soft gauzy black dress; with steady fingers she clasped the jet crescents in her ears, and wound the chain round her neck. With steady gaze she contemplated the figure in the glass. The effect was evidently satisfactory. The face might have been improved by a tinge of color in the cheeks, it was so white; but the dark brown eyes perhaps seemed the more lustrous through the contrast. The lips were firmly closed, and there was rather too set a look about the features altogether; but that might be owing to the fatigue through which she had passed.

She descended to the drawing-room. Only Mrs. Cunningham was there; presently Mrs. Braddick came in.

Adriana's eye jealously scanned her unconsciously victorious rival. She looked unusually well this evening; a curiously-carved coral bandeau relieved the extreme lightness of her hair. Her coral bracelets showed to greater advantage the fairness of her arms, and her rich silk dress, hanging in massy folds, swept the ground as she moved majestically across the room. Adriana felt herself shrink into insignificance before that stately figure. No wonder he preferred—was that the word? no—admired her; for Adriana could own the claim to admiration, though it smote her. For a moment she shrank, crushed, self-abashed by the contrast, then up flashed the pride, the strength of will, the self-reliance of her nature, and she nerved herself for the part she intended to play out.

Revenge! She called it by no milder name herself, she did not exculpate it, she sought not to palliate it; she looked at it firmly, and, despite its ugly nature, hugged it and gloated over it, as over some worthier impulse. Her eyes were lighted up by an unwonted fire, and Mrs. Cunningham wondered that she had never before considered Miss Linden a decidedly interesting-looking person. "Such an expressive face, so intellectual; she is not half so handsome as Margaret, but I should get to think her so in a very short time."

The gentlemen joined them. Mr. Etheredge watched curiously for Miss Linden's initiative.

"My husband, Miss Linden."

The rigid features did not move a muscle; the glittering eyes looked up coldly, almost haughtily, and Adriana bowed. Mr. Braddick might have been a stranger from the antipodes.

"Miss Linden," (the voice carried her back to other days,) "how can I thank you for your care of my child?"

Mr. Etheredge, still watching, saw the fingers close more tightly round the bracelet on her arm, but no other sign of emotion; the voice was quiet and measured that answered:—

"Any one must love Charley, and one would do much for those we love. I was glad to be of service to Mrs. Braddick."

"And Charley is very fond of Miss Linden," interposed Mrs. Cunningham.

"Quite a case of love at first sight," said Mrs. Braddick. "I never saw Charley take a fancy to any one so quickly before."

Mrs. Braddick had become more lively since her husband's return. Then she had some sort of love for him. Adriana had imagined her utterly impassive. It was well Miss Linden was so pale, or Mr. Etheredge, who was still intently observant, would have seen the blood leave the lips and cheeks, and rush back to the heart in a bitter tide of jealousy.

"Utter ignoring of the past," mused Mr. Etheredge, "and on the whole, perhaps, the best thing to be done. A woman's intuition is seldom incorrect. How blind people are till their eyes are opened! There are my mother and sister-in-law utterly ignorant of an episode in their drama, an aside, as it were, of the principal actors, only intelligible to the audience. I stand for audience in the present case; but I wonder they don't notice the change in Charles. Miss Linden has the best of it, whatever the antecedents may have been."

Adriana certainly had the best of it to all outward appearance; she was perfectly at her ease, and conversed with Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick without intermission, seemingly engrossed in all they were saying.

Mr. Braddick was silent. The lapse of time since he had met Miss Linden seemed to have contracted itself into a few hours. The image he saw before him was scarcely changed from the one he had carried in his mind for years,—the dress, the half-weary expression of the face, the clear sweet voice with a touch of sadness in it.

Once Miss Linden looked up, and met the fixed, earnest gaze of Mr. Etheredge; again the resemblance to his brother that she had before noticed struck her. Some influence prompted her to look again. Mr. Etheredge's grave answering glance was almost a question. So Adriana felt it, and for a moment a faint tinge of color overspread her face. She turned hastily away, pretending to examine some hothouse plants on a stand near her, and in doing so her eye fell upon Mr. Braddick.

He was not by any means so composed as she was; there was an evident constraint in his manner.

"You have not recovered from your voyage yet, Charles," said Mrs. Braddick, moving to his side. Adriana's heart felt a convulsive twinge. "Thou shalt not covet," said the inner voice; but Adriana's ears were dull.

A servant announced dinner. Mr. Braddick started. He offered his arm to his mother.

"No, no," said she; "you and Margaret must go in together to-day. My son and daughter—it is so pleasant to have them both together again," said she to Adriana.

Twinge the second. Why had she placed herself on the rack? Why had she not gone? Why torture herself with the sight of her rival's happiness?

Mrs. Braddick and Mrs. Cunningham were the only absorbed persons at the dinner-table. Mrs. Cunningham, delighted to have her favorite son once more with her, emerged from her wonted stateliness, and even Mrs. Braddick seemed inspired by an unusual liveliness.

"You must see all the beautiful presents that Charles has brought me, Miss Linden," and she proceeded to enumerate cashmeres, lama shawls, curious bracelets, and Eastern ornaments; and Adriana listened and heard nothing, and Mr. Etheredge watched and found Miss Linden's face as calm and quiet as ever, and Mr. Braddick looked half-wearied and disinclined to talk.

It was a relief to Adriana to be in the drawing-room once more, but not one of long duration.

Music was proposed.

"Miss Linden sings all your favorite songs, Charles."

Mr. Braddick said nothing. Adriana continued turning over the leaves of a book.

"Do sing us something, Miss Linden," said Mrs. Braddick.

Adriana closed the book, and moved irresolutely to the piano. Mr. Braddick took up the volume she had been turning over. Mr. Etheredge quietly walked over to the piano and opened it.

"Would you rather not sing?" he asked, in an undertone.

"No."

"What does that mean—yes or no?"

"I can sing."

"But would rather not?"

"I have no objection."

"What are you going to sing?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Is it not taxing Miss Linden's strength too much after her late fatigue?" said Mr. Braddick, still looking at the book.

The glittering brown eyes gave a flash.

"I am not tired." They were almost the first direct words she had spoken to Mr. Braddick, but she did not look at him, nor he at her.

"What shall I sing, Mrs. Braddick?"

"Let me think; something lively—for we all seem to be getting rather sleepy."

"I hate lively tunes," said Mr. Braddick, quickly.

"Well, then, let us have 'Per Pietà,' Miss Linden. Charles used to be very fond of it, but I never could sing it to please him," said Mrs. Braddick. Adriana struck a few chords.

"'Per pietà non dir mi addio.'"

Her voice faltered as she began, but the rich, clear tones gradually gained strength, and rose and died away in the pleading words. Her auditors listened breathlessly, lest a note should escape them. Mr. Etheredge had never heard her sing so well before; he was astonished. Mr. Braddick leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes.

Seven years had gone by; he was at Etheredge Court with his wife and children, and Miss Linden was singing! Could it be possible? Miss Linden singing as she used to do—no, far better. What an age those seven years had been! and now the interval seemed to be swept away, and it was but yesterday that he had heard that song. Supposing it were, and that he had it in his power to alter the current of his life!

"Pshaw!"

"My dear Charles!" said Mrs. Braddick, as the abrupt exclamation escaped him. "I thought you were so fond of 'Per Pietà,' and Miss Linden does not appear to please you any more than I did."

Mr. Braddick looked vexed.

"I beg Miss Linden's pardon. I had gone into a reverie. It was not the song or the singing that elicited my very malàpropos ejaculation."

"Now, how very tiresome of you not to listen, when I wanted you so much to hear it."

"I was listening. I do admire the song. I suppose I scarcely dare ask Miss Linden to sing another after my apparent rudeness?"

Adriana looked up from the piano.

"I shall be happy to sing again."

She turned again to the piano, and sang song after song; the color stole into her cheeks with the excitement, her eyes shone brighter and brighter, and her voice sounded clear through the room as a silver bell. She could perceive without looking that Charles Cunningham, as he still was to her, was listening attentively, though to Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick it appeared as though his thoughts were wandering far away from the present scene, to which he was paying no attention. His thoughts were wandering far away. Adriana knew that also: her triumph was coming, her power was returning. Revenge is sweet! Revenge is bitter! Who can reconcile the two? yet they make but one. Adriana in her own room that night felt the working of the two opposing elements, the sense of victory, the sense of shame, of self-reproach. Yet she would go on, the path was straight before her, easy to tread. Just one moment of undoubted triumph, and she would leave Etheredge Court. What of Mrs. Braddick? Adriana entirely set her aside; the chances were that she might never find out. So intensely absorbed in herself, argued Adriana, that she is never roused to look much beyond. How stupid some women are! And Adriana shrugged her shoulders, and mentally congratulated herself upon her own intellectual superiority.

Yet of what avail to her? Here she was on the brink of a precipice that the calm, passionless Mrs. Braddick would never endanger herself by approaching. Was she not rushing on like a fool where "wise men," or rather wise women, might "fear to tread?" "There are clever fools," mused Adriana; "perhaps I am one." Fools, fools—are not all mankind fools? Some one way, some another; all wise in their own conceit, all astray upon some point, all monomaniacs to a certain extent; perhaps the greatest of all monomaniacs being a comfortable belief in their own infallibility.

Adriana was one of those people whose consciences will not quite bring them to this last monomaniac state. She doubted her position, and she did not deny to herself that she doubted it. But she trusted to her strength to carry her through the part she had undertaken.

"Lead us not into temptation!"

She started; it seemed as if the words were spoken to her. No, she was alone; the inner voice alone had made itself heard. Perhaps it was her guardian angel drawing her way from the dark angel who was struggling for the mastery. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." The warfare of the inner life, of the soul against temptations. Whence come those temptations? Some deny the corrupt nature of man, and the existence of a devil. Bad logicians: if they deny

the one, they ought to admit the other; else whence come temptations and inclinements to sin? Why should there be any impulse to do aught but right if we get rid of these two uncomfortable agents? If there be no evil nature within and no evil agent without, surely man should be perfect. But it is an indisputable fact that there is sin in the world; and that sin must have an origin, so that the question is, if we set aside the devil and original sin, where upon earth does sin come from?

"Lead us not into temptation!" But Adriana would not hear. She was no hypocrite; she opened not her Bible that night, nor many a succeeding one. She knew she should find no council there to strengthen her in her reckless path. The dark angel had laid his hand upon a willing shoulder, that wrenched itself not away from his grasp, but felt the stronger for the assistance. The mocking angel rose erect, triumphant, and the guardian spirit dropped a tear, yet followed meekly on, watching and waiting.

CHAPTER XII.

Watching and waiting! What a curious problem life is, if one sits down to solve it. Such a mixture of reality and unreality. Birth the starting-point and death the close; the beginning and ending of a middle space, that seems, in spite of every-day work, a sort of fever-dream, wherein the all-important "me" is the only actual person. A two-lived being, a worker and a dreamer, an outer life so dissimilar to the inner life that one would almost imagine to the two to be incompatible. Yet how strangely they harmonize, the one a prosaic story, dragging wearily page after page; the other a wild poem, now rising almost to the sublime, now sinking to the depths of despair, now quieting down its mad aspirations beneath holy influences, now again tossed like an angry sea, and writhing in pent-up throes like some restless volcano.

Adriana's life was twofold at this present time. Mrs. Braddick saw a quiet governess going through her duties with patient assiduity. She was all Mrs. Braddick could wish; she took Pearl and Charley off her hands, and was really teaching them something, and Charley was actually becoming amenable to behaving as he ought to do, and Mrs. Braddick did not totally despair of making a sensible woman of Pearl in the end. Mr. Braddick had certainly become more rational with regard to the children; he did not make so many foolish speeches in their presence; he did not combat her views so strongly as he used to do. In fact, on the whole, Mr. Braddick was much improved for his Indian journey. "We get on much better than we used to do," was Mrs Braddick's satisfactory conclusion; and on the whole she felt that, taking one thing with another, she was as happy as most mortals, and a woman rather to be envied than otherwise. Which comfortable reflections caused Mrs. Braddick to look more placid than ever, and to emerge from her usual silence. Possibly this was no great change for the better, as Mrs. Braddick's mental endowments did not increase in proportion. She talked a great deal, but when she had finished talking no one remembered what she had been saying.

"I hope you are getting over your prejudice against Miss Linden, Richard. You see how well she manages Pearl and Charley," said Mrs. Braddick one day.

"I don't know that I ever had any prejudice against her," returned Mr. Etheredge.

"Now don't try to get out of a defeat when you are fairly beaten. Own that I have been most fortunate in meeting with Miss Linden."

"In what way?"

"In every way, of course. Such a very superior person—quite a lady. It is of the greatest advantage to Pearl to have such a person with her when she is young and susceptible of impressions. There is something I quite admire in Miss Linden's manner. By-the-bye, Charles," said Mrs. Braddick, turning to her husband, "I never have asked you how you like Miss Linden." Had a thunderbolt fallen at Mr. Braddick's feet, he could not have felt much more disconcerted than at this unexpected appeal. He looked annoyed and answered abruptly.—

"I don't know; I really can't tell you."

"Well, it is most singular," continued Mrs. Braddick. "I believe you and Richard are in league against Miss Linden. However, your mother and I are perfectly agreed upon the subject, and must fight her battles for her."

"I think Miss Linden can fight her own battles when there is any occasion," suggested Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

"You are most uncharitable. A quieter person I cannot imagine. Never dissatisfied with anything."

"Except with herself," said Mr. Etheredge, *sotto voce*.

"You never will do her justice, I know," pursued Mrs. Braddick. "At any rate, you were pleased with her singing the other night, though Charles was not. I quite thought, Charles, that you would have been charmed with 'Per pieta,' Miss Linden sings it with so much expression, one would almost fancy she was singing it to some one."

"Would you like to have a ride to-day, Margaret? I will go and see after the horses," and Mr. Braddick left the room.

"All your geese are swans, Margaret," said Mr. Etheredge, laughing.

"Now, if you intend to apply that—"

"Oh, I don't intend to apply anything. I merely made a sort of sweeping assertion."

Mrs. Braddick had determined two points in her own mind: firstly, that Mr. Etheredge and her husband did not fully appreciate Miss Linden, and, secondly, that it was her intention to combat this non-appreciation upon every occasion. Mrs. Braddick was not often roused to action, but she was in particularly good spirits at the present time: the great accession of fortune, the handsome presents from India, combined to convert her ordinary impassibility into something like active good nature. She was very considerate to Adriana, even kind, and insisted upon her accepting one of the beautiful India shawls, which Adriana reluctantly took, seeing no way of escape without offending Mrs. Braddick. Adriana pursued her twofold life, restless, unsatisfied. She would go—no, her purpose was yet scarce accomplished. She would stay, yet was she not treacherous to Mrs. Braddick? No: Mrs. Braddick wished her to stay, was perfectly satisfied. Pearl and Charley could not do without her. Her duty was here. She might stay on, and heap coals of fire on Charles Cunningham's head by doing good to his children. And she need scarcely ever see him; she was in the school-room all the day, she need never leave it unless sent for.

Wrong, wrong, utterly wrong sophistry all of it, though she would not see it. She has more than an inkling of it, but she has chosen her path. Yet she was not of an ungenerous nature, though she was pursuing a selfish course. There was the god-like struggling within her. Was more sorrow, more despair wanting, ere she could give up self? Like Job, she strove. Right in her own eyes she resisted the prickings of conscience. Right! nay she was not so excusable as the old patriarch, inasmuch as she was not strong in her own self-confidence. He had no misgivings. She had; and Eliphaz, the Temanite, Zophar, the Naamathite, and Bildad, the Shuhite, could not have exasperated Job more with their reproaches, than did the unconscious persons by whom she was surrounded irritate Adriana.

Restless, she paced the school-room when the children had left it. She had been sitting in desperate calmness, forcing herself to make clear his simple lesson to Charley; explaining with infinite minuteness the difficulties of her task to Pearl. Everything seemed so actual, so perceptible, so clearly cut, so very distinct. She saw, as in a stereoscopic view, objects sharply defined with a perceptible amount of distance between them, each in its relative position, without any atmospheric effect to soften the harshness of the lines. No haze to cast a misty veil over the landscape, no sudden gleam of sunlight to exaggerate the shadows, or wake into prominence some peak or pinnacle; all was cold, regular, exact, immovable, life-like, yet un-living.

Adriana was in a singular position, the result partly of circumstances over which she had no control. She had involuntarily placed herself in connection with Charles Cunningham's wife and children; but she might, upon discovering it, have voluntarily withdrawn, and she could not help acknowledging to herself now that it would have been wiser, happier for herself, had she done so; she had but revived the old feelings that had laid waste her life seven years ago, and which the hand of time had been gradually smoothing away.

The day was cold and gloomy, a deep snow had fallen during the night, and a few straggling flakes began to show that another snow-storm was nigh at hand. It did not matter; Adriana was oppressed, restless; she must go out to breathe freely; she wanted air; she could not collect her thoughts under the roof of Etheredge Court. Something seemed to weigh her down. She was powerless to think, to act: the keen, cold air would revive her, and would allay the feverish excitement that was consuming her.

So she wandered out, despite the threatening snowflakes and the piercing cold. The girl who had watched her on the night of Charley's recovery thought that Miss Linden must be demented to take a walk on such a day as this, and wondered that people who could stay in the house in winter should ever think of going out. Mrs. Braddick caught a glimpse of her retreating figure through the leafless avenue, and was roused to wonder where Miss Linden could be going. Mr. Etheredge looked up quickly, and Mrs. Cunningham paused in her knitting, and said:

"There is going to be a heavy snow-storm. How dark it is getting."

"I should think Miss Linden will turn back," said Mrs. Braddick, actually getting up and looking out of the window. But Miss Linden's figure grew smaller and smaller until it appeared almost a speck in the distance. "What an extraordinary day to choose for a walk—and Miss Linden has not recovered her strength yet." And Mrs. Braddick went on wondering and wondering and treating her companions to her various theories upon the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

The country round Etheredge Court was for the most part undulating and well wooded; though here and there a wild spot might be found. And it was to one of these that Adriana was making her way. It was a short of ravine, whose steep banks, yellow in June with golden gorse blossoms, now rose like walls of purest white that almost touched the low-hanging clouds. A shallow brook that gurgled over the stones lazily in the summer time, was even quieter now, bound in its frosty fetters. There was an air of oppressive stillness about the place, no sound of life anywhere near; and as the clouds grew darker and darker, drawing ever nearer to the white walls, their whiteness grew ghastly, and Adriana felt as if she were entombed in a vast sepulchre. Yet on she went, the solitariness suited her; she was alone, she could think. She did not feel the cold, she heeded not the darkness. She would go to the end of the ravine, and return across the fields home.

A strange exhilaration possessed her; a sudden strength seemed imparted to her; her life seemed indestructible. She realised her being, she realised her two beings—the mortal and immortal; and the one seemed so predominant, so strong, that it bore the other up; it urged it on without a sense of weariness, without a sense of cold, of fear. Lighter and lighter grew her step over the slippery ground; firmly she trod and quickly. The threatening snowflakes came down at shorter intervals, but she did not see them. The dim bars of faded crimson that had been struggling to become bright in the western sky had disappeared, the ghastly white walls were turning gray, and their summits melting into the gray of the descending clouds; faster and faster fell the snowflakes—thicker and thicker; the snow-storm had begun.

Two miles from Etheredge Court, and it was growing dark; the snow beat against her face. She could not see the path, but she knew the way so well that she had little uneasiness.

Yet she was going wrong; the turn she had taken did not lead to Etheredge Court, but to a common some miles distant. She did not immediately discover her mistake, and when she turned to retrace her steps, the blinding snow prevented her seeing where she was; she fancied she had come about half a mile since leaving the outlet of the ravine, but her thoughts had so occupied her, that she had not noticed the distance. She was utterly perplexed whether to advance or to remain where she was until the storm had a little subsided. She groped about, and, discovering the stump of an old tree, sat down, drew her cloak closely around her, and screened herself as well as she could from the snow.

Then she listened; the silence was intense, not a sound broke the stillness. The snow fell noiselessly, covering over all the land-marks by which she might hope to find her way home when the snow-clouds had exhausted themselves.

Alone, alone—she realized it now; she might have to succumb to the biting cold, and morning might find her lying there a frozen corpse. Had her destiny brought her hither to perish? Was it not a sign that Etheredge Court was no place for her? Her morbid fancy strung events together, and took it for an omen. It was well, she could lie down quietly and take her rest. It was an easy death. Sleep, sleep, eternal rest! No waking to a trouble to-morrow.

There is a sound, a rustling in the bushes behind her; a thousand fears rise in her mind—perhaps a struggle for life! Up leaps the strong pervading influence, the death-antagonistic spirit so strong in man. She can almost feel the assassin's grasp upon her throat, can almost see the flash of the sharp knife up-lifted for the murderous stab; and yet she cowers spell-bound. She has no power to move a finger, her faculties seem lost in the absorbing terror. But a moment since and she could have laid down her head on the soft snow and wooed the Destroyer. And now—but it is so horrible to be murdered, to wrestle agonizingly for life, to clutch the knife, to feel its sharp edge cut through the fingers as all relentlessly it is wrested from them to do its deadly work. To have life torn away bit by bit, each struggle becoming fainter than the last. And still she cannot move; she tries to utter a cry, but no articulate sound comes forth. A low, choking sob rattles in her throat.

The noise grows louder and louder, the bushes crackle, the snow is scattered around her; but it is no human footsteps she hears, only some animal breaking the dead twigs; her heart gives a bound of relief, and then a rough shaggy head is laid in her lap.

"Snap, Snap! good doggy!" and Adriana's tears fell upon Snap's rough coat.

But Snap did not stay long to comfort her; with a quick, short bark he retraced his way through the bushes, and his bark sounded fainter and fainter and soon was lost in the distance. However, she did not feel so hopeless, for she had strong faith in Snap's sagacity, and he might bring help to her. An hour passed by; the snow was falling thickly; she strained her ears to listen, but the stillness was unbroken. From time to time she shook off the flakes that coated her. Surely the storm was nearly over. The clouds somewhat cleared and the moon tried to shine out through the mist; Adriana looked on every side, but could not determine in what direction to move. So she decided to remain where she was until the moon should throw a clearer light upon the dreary white waste by which she was surrounded.

At length came a faint bark, nearer and nearer. Could it be Snap returning? Once more she was caressing the dog. There was help near; the figure of a man was gradually becoming visible, though indistinctly seen through the fog. Her heart beat quickly, it was Charles Cunningham's walk. She should meet him once more alone, away from the surroundings of Etheredge Court. Was she glad? was she sorry? she scarcely knew which; she was so near what had been her desire for years—to speak to him once more; and yet now that the opportunity seemed within her grasp, she shrank from it and wished herself away.

But it was not Mr. Braddick; the brotherly resemblance had once more deceived her, and there was a shade of disappointment in her tone as she exclaimed—

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Miss Linden. I should not have supposed you found your quarters so very delightful as to wish to remain in them."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Etheredge."

"To Snap rather than to me, Miss Linden; for I should not have known where to find you."

They walked on for some minutes in silence, then Adriana broke the pause.

"I think I should have found my way home when the moon came out, I know the country so well."

"So it seems," said Mr. Etheredge, dryly.

"In the light, I mean," added Adriana. "It was quite dark when I lost my way."

"People are generally in the dark when they lose their way," said Mr. Etheredge, "bodily and mentally. Light is the only corrective, either as it affects the outer senses or the mind."

"Not always: people miss their way in the daytime."

"True."

"And do wrong with their eyes open."

"What is conscience?"

"A sort of sun illumining the inner life; but people can manage it as they please."

"I deny that, Miss Linden. The sun may be hidden by clouds, but it is still shining; and conscience may be stifled, but not extinguished."

"Is right right to every one?"

"Rather an obscure way of putting the question. What do you mean by right?"

"Some things may appear right to one person and wrong to another."

"Therefore are they right to each? Ask yourself. Given truth, can any opinion alter it, or does it still remain truth in spite of the various views that are taken of it?"

"To sum it up, truth is truth, right is right, and people are wrong," said Adriana.

"All?"

"Most, I suppose," answered Adriana, reflectively. She shivered as she spoke.

Mr. Etheredge turned abruptly:—

"I ought to beg your pardon," said he. "A cold December night is no time for metaphysical disquisitions. Are you very tired?"

"No."

"I mean physically, not mentally," added he.

"No, to both; yet I shall be very glad to have some rest."

"Miss Linden, I think you are a compound of opposites. There is a contradiction contained even in that sentence."

"I am not logical, you know," returned Adriana.

"I never said so."

"But implied it."

"That is not a straightforward accusation."

"I meant no accusation. I merely stated a fact."

"Nothing is a fact until it is proved, and your deduction is merely a surmise at present."

Adriana made no answer. Every step she now took was a greater effort to her; her hands and feet were benumbed with the cold, still she battled on. Mr. Etheredge strode along, seemingly unobservant; but he was watching her. At length he said:—

"Will not my arm be of service?"

"Thank you, I can manage better alone, the snow is so uneven," replied Adriana, almost stumbling into a snow-drift.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Etheredge, "but you can do no such thing," and gently taking her hand, he drew it within his arm.

Adriana's first impulse was to draw it away, the old feeling of antagonism was at work; but she was faint and weary, and her very weakness chafed her. She kept a determined silence the rest of the way, broken only by a cold, "Thank you for the trouble you have taken, Mr. Etheredge," when they reached the hall door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Outwitting a Lion.

The following after-dinner story of sport in India is taken from a pleasant book by Capt. J. T. Newall, entitled "The Eastern Hunters," just published in London:

"I remember," said Norman, "a story told me some time ago relating to an acquaintance of my own. He is a queer fellow, full of fun, and always ready for a joke, and has a ludicrous way of making faces, emitting curious howls, which I defy the most solemn Methodist to witness unmoved. The nature of the man renders what I am going to tell you appear more absurd than the real narrative itself justifies; but as I can't convey a proper idea of that, I will just tell you what was told to me. I must state first, though, that the poor fellow got a bad fall with his horse some years ago, by which his leg was broken, and he has been obliged ever since to wear some iron apparatus to assist it, for the broken leg is considerably shorter than the other. But though this necessarily obliges him to hobble, he can scuttle over the ground at a wonderful pace. In other respects he is a tall, good looking man.

"He was out once lion-shooting in Kattiwar. In some parts of the district, where it is tolerably open, the sportsmen used to follow the game on horseback, ride up within range, and then dismount to get a shot, unless their beasts were steady enough to stand fire from their backs. After the shot, they quickly remounted and galloped off; in fact, something in the manner that the African way of conducting the sport is described.

"On one occasion, my friend had turned up a couple of full-grown lions, and was following them on the plain. He managed to get within range, and as his horse would not stand quiet enough for him to fire from his back, he jumped off, and threw the bridle over his arm; by some chance, however, omitting to slip his hand through it. Well, he got a fair shot, and hit one of the lions hard; but the noise started the horse, and as there was nothing to check it, away it galloped, leaving my friend standing. He fired his second barrel, and then had the horror of seeing the wounded lion charging down toward him, all head, tail and legs, and roaring tremendously. His rifle was empty and useless, and of course there was no time to load. His first impulse was naturally to bolt as hard as he could; and accordingly away he stumped for the nearest tree. But long before he could reach it, the roars came closer and closer behind him, and he felt that he had not the slightest chance of reaching the tree before being overtaken by the angry brute. Still he sped on with the instinct of self-preservation; but the lion was fast closing with him. What could he do? There was no time to be lost. In a few more bounds his head might be crushed in by the blow of a paw, or his mangled limbs be quivering in the animal's relentless jaws. It suddenly occurred to him to try and startle the beast by some unusual combination of form and sounds. His resolve was immediately taken and acted upon without delay. Stopping suddenly in his race, with his back still towards the charging lion, now drawing very close, he ducked his head and body till he looked at it reversely from between his legs, and in that position made some of the most hideous faces, and gave utterance to some of his most appalling yells, and at the same time gesticulated wildly with his arms.

"This was a metamorphosis for which the savage beast was quite unprepared. Just before there had been a runaway man, legging it as hard as he could go in front; but now there was a fearful, shapeless creature, stationary and unyielding, and howling in the most awful way, quite beyond all lion experience. The brute was staggered, and hesitated in his headlong career; then pulled up and looked, advanced a step and looked more closely; heard a frantic yell of extraordinary power, the last despairing effort of the hunter; turned, and with lowered tail, trotted off to join his companion, now disappearing in the distance. After a short space my friend arose, almost purple in the face from the violence of his exertions, and the unpleasantly low position of his head, but much gratified, and chuckling greatly at the success of his ingenious ruse."

☞ FLANNEL.—Vegetable flannel is now largely manufactured in Germany from the *Pinus silvestris*. A great number of persons are employed in the various processes of separating the fibre from the oil. The fibre, locally called *wald wold*, is spun, knitted, and woven into various fabrics. It is said to be highly efficacious in restoring the function of the skin to its normal condition.

☞ The monthly report of the Department of Agriculture is published. The apprehensions of scarcity of crops, which might threaten compulsory economy of consumption or warrant extraordinary prices are groundless. From an actual analysis of statistical returns, with due regard to the usual average, product, and present losses of each state, the prospect on the 1st of June was for seven-tenths of a crop. With favorable weather and absence from casualties before harvesting, the indications point to three-fourths of an average.

☞ A new arrangement has been placed on the cars of the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, for indicating the name of the station at which the train is about to stop. It consists of a glass case, conspicuously posted, containing a roll of white linen, on which is printed in bold type the names of all the stations on the road. As soon as one station is passed the brakesman turns the roll with a key until the name of the next station appears. The idea seems worthy of imitation.

☞ The Franklin Spectator says, any person arresting a horse thief is entitled to a bounty of twenty dollars and mileage, according to an old Act of Assembly. This law is not generally known, but is worth knowing.

☞ The steamship Moro Castle, which recently arrived in New York from Havana, brings six millions cigars on freight. This is the largest shipment of the kind ever received at the port of New York.

☞ Jacob Kotch, at Keokuk, Iowa, loaded a toy cannon, using a marble for a ball, placed the muzzle in his mouth, and, touching it off with a match, blew out his desperate brains.

☞ An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

How Brigham Young's Wives Live.

Mrs. C. V. Waite, a lady who has spent several years in Utah, and enjoyed unusual facilities for obtaining accurate information in relation to the domestic manners and customs of the Mormons, has recently published a book upon the subject. It is a well-written and interesting work which we should judge will be widely read. From it we extract the following account of the mode of life of the women forming the household of the Mormon prophet:—

The internal arrangement of affairs at the Harem is very similar to that of a young ladies' boarding-school. Each woman having her own room, her affairs are all centered there. The culinary department is under the control of such of the wives as Brigham from time to time appoints. She is the stewardess, and carries the keys. A cook is employed—generally a man—and several servants beside, who are all under the control of the stewardess.

When the meals are prepared and ready the bell rings, and each woman, with her children, if she has any, files down to the dinner-table, and is seated as before stated.

Each, on rising, has her children to attend to, and get ready for breakfast; this over, she commences the business of the day, arranges her rooms, and sits down to her sewing or other work, as the case may be.

Most of the women spin and make their every-day clothing, doing their own coloring. They are quite proud of the quantity of cloth manufactured in their establishment every year. All work hard, and take very little out-of-door exercise. Parties and the theatre are the favorite amusements. At the theatre, Brigham and one or two of the favored wives sit together in the "king's box," but the remainder of the women and the children sit in what is called "Brigham's corral." This is in the parquette, about the centre of the area. The Prophet goes down once or twice during the evening to the corral, and chats for a few moments with one and another, but in a short time he can be seen beside his "dear Amelia" again.

At the Mormon parties much gayety prevails. Appearances are maintained, somewhat, by paying more respectful deference to the first wives on such occasions. Gentiles, with whom the saints are on good terms, are well received and kindly entertained at these parties, and all join in giving themselves up to the influence of mirth and festivity. Dancing is not only a favorite amusement, it is more; it is cultivated to such an extent that it becomes a passion.

Brigham's women, though better clothed than formerly, still work very hard. They are infatuated with their religion, and devoted to their husband. If they cannot obtain his love, they content themselves with his kindness, and endeavor to think themselves happy. As religion is their only solace, they try to make it their only object. If it does not elevate their minds, it deadens their susceptibilities, and as they are not permitted to be women, they try to convince themselves it is God's will they should be slaves.

A music-master, a dancing-master, and a teacher of the ordinary branches of an English education, are employed in the family school. Also a teacher of French. His children have much better advantages than any other in the territory. Dancing and music are the leading accomplishments, and everything else is made subordinate to these.

☞ AN ENGLISH ADVERTISEMENT.—The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of an English paper:—"A clergyman wishes to exchange his two little girls (aged nine and seven,) either together or separately, for two boys. Address," &c.

☞ It is announced that in a conference of negro preachers held in South Carolina, one of them was charged with having three wives living. The question of what should be done with him was discussed at great length, and the bishop finally ordered that "he shall not preach until he shall be relieved by Providence of his difficulties."

☞ Let a man live as long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest, and the daily routine of after years pass like the sounds of a clock, while the hands on the outside and the movements within mark the passage of time to others till the weights have run down and the pendulum stands still.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues very dull. Sales comprise about 2000 bbls in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $8@8,75 ₱ bbl for superfine; $9@10 for extra; $11@12 for Northwest extra family; $11,50@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@17 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6,75@6,80 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 12,000 bus spring Wheat sold at $2 46@2 50; 1700 bus old Michigan red at $3 05; 2500 bus old Penna red in lots at $3@3,10; and 5000 bus white at from $3,20@3,35 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye; about 1500 bus Penna sold at $1,25@1,30 ₱ bus. Corn; about 20,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1@1,02 afloat, and 12,000 bus Western mixed at 95c@$1 ₱ bus. Oats; 18,000 bus Delaware sold at 75c; 9000 bus Penna at 70@75c, as to quality, and 16,000 bus Western at from 58@63c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The demand continues limited; small sales are reported at $30,50 ₱ bbl for new Mess Pork, 20@26c ₱ lb for Bacon Hams, 19@20c for pickled, 15½@16½c for salt shoulders; and 22½@23c ₱ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Butter; sales of solid packed at 23@26c, the latter for good. Cheese; sales of new New York at 19@20c. Eggs are selling at 23@25c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—About 1000 bales of Middlings sold in lots at from 37@40c ₱ lb.

BARK—Quercitron—30 hhds 1st No 1 sold at $34@35 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of Yellow at 40@41c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market has been active. Cargo sales are making at $5,50@5,75 for White Ash, and $5,75@6 ₱ ton for Red Ash, according to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales are making at 75@80c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are reported at $8@10 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples—We notice sales of old at 15@16c; new range from 10 to 21c. Peaches are disposed of in a small way at 20@26c for unpared halves.

LUMBER—120,000 feet of Delaware Sap Boards sold at $20 to $26; Virginia at $30, and North Carolina Scoring Boards at $25 ₱ M feet.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Small sales of prime are reported at $7,75@8 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is in demand at $3,20 ₱ bus. Timothy is quoted at $5@5,50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,50@2,55 ₱ gallon. Whiskey—Small sales of bbls are making at $2,24@2,26 for Pennsylvania, and $2,28@2,29 ₱ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—50,000 lbs of city rendered sold at 12½ ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is more active; sales reach about 240,000 lbs at prices ranging from 64@67c for fine fleece; 57@63c for medium; 49@52c for coarse; and 59@62½c ₱ lb for tub, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 17@17½c ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to $5 ₱ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ₱ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $13,00@14,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Three boys went bathing in one of the streams near Oil Creek, and when they came out they were so greasy they could not stay in their clothes. As fast as they slipped them on, they would slip off again; and one of them, in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home, their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out and extracted about fifteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys.

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London"	The most	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Reliable Hair	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Restorative.	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"

For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. my26-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Indigestion, Stomach and Liver complaints. These medicines will cure the most confirmed cases of dyspepsia, and disorders of the stomach and liver. They have restored more suffering dyspeptics to actual and permanent health than all the other ephemeral "specifics" united. They have stood the test of fifty years experience. They increase the appetite, invigorate the stomach and purify the liver. In bowel complaints they are equally efficacious, and for sick and nervous headaches they stand unrivalled. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

DEGRAFF, Ohio, June 19, 1865.

Gentlemen:—I have used Perry Davis' Pain Killer in my family for several years and have always found it a reliable cure for Diarrhœa and Dysentery, and I cheerfully recommend it to the public. Travellers cannot have by them a better friend in time of sudden attack of bowel complaint.

Yours truly, J. H. PARKE.

Note—It should be understood that the Pain Killer is administered *internally* as well as *externally*. je30-2t

℞ HONESTY is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequalled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it. je30-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. D. Washburn, JOHN A. WARD to Miss REBECCA A. PAINE, both of this city.

On the 5th of April, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JAMES W. PAGINE to Mrs. ELLEN SHELEY, both of this city.

On the 31st of June, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. EMANUEL DULL to Miss WILMINA BERNHARDT, both of this city.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. C. W. Robinson, Mr. THEOPHILUS D. CONNELLY to Miss HELEN M. BOYER, daughter of Hyram Boyer, Esq., both of this city.

On the 7th of June, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. HUGH F. QUIGLEY to Miss RACHEL E. PORCH, both of this city.

On the 18th of June, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. JOHN G. SHELLBAKER to Mrs. SARAH J. NEWBERY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of June, Rev. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D., Pastor of Tenth Baptist Church of this city, in his 69th year.

On the 25th of June, HENRY MUNSON, in his 60th year.

On the 26th of June, HENRIETTA, wife of Edw. C. Wayne.

On the 24th of June, Mrs. CATHARINE, widow of the late John Harrington, aged 72 years.

On the 24th of June, PETER EARLE, in his 60th year.

On the 23d of June, CHARLES SEAMAN, in his 39th year.

On the 22d of June, HARRIS LOUDENBACK, in his 66th year.

On the 22d of June, Mrs. JANE WINNEMORE, in her 70th year.

On the 22d of June, GEORGE P. SNYDER, in his 49th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complain and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles. P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-eow6m. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

☞ An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel in Des Moines, where pretty high bills were charged. In the morning the landlord made the amount of damages and presented it to Pat. After he had glanced over it, the latter looked the landlord in the face and exclaimed, "Ye put me in mind of a snipe." "Why?" asked the landlord. "Because you're very nigh all bill."

☞ A California editor has the authority of the eminent head of the histronic profession, but just arrived on the Pacific coast, for stating that the only sailor the world has ever known who was not a d— (emphasis) fool was Noah! He had but one choice—to go to sea or drown.

☞ "Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school. "I have," shouted a six year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "*On the elephant!*" was the reply.

☞ New Yorkers have so far to travel on Sunday to wet their whistle—that the new Excise law is dubbed "The Exercise Law."

INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—The New Wonder, consisting of several Pieces of Plain White Paper upon which by the application of a Few Drops of Water, any Man, Woman, or Child can cause a Beautiful and Perfect Photograph to be Instantly produced! Each Pack contains Material for Four Photographs, Four Developers, Gold-Bordered Cards for Mounting, and Full Directions. Price, per Pack, 50 cents. Sent, post-paid.

ADAMS & CO.,
21 Bromfield, St., Boston.

GRACE CHURCH COLLECTION of SACRED MUSIC; selected and arranged from the Classical and Sacred Works of the Great Composers, and adapted to the Psalms and Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church with a Separate Organ Accompaniment. By WM. A. KING. *New Edition.* $2 25. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY; A CANTATA. Translated from the Dutch. The Music by J. B. Von Bree. Price—Cloth, $1 25; Paper, $1. Sent, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston. jy7-tf

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson,)

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA

STOCK AND EXCHANGE

BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my2-1y

CHARLES DUMMIG & CO.'S MUSIC STORE,

Established 1845, removed from 631 Chestnut St. to 1021 CHESTNUT Street, opposite St. Lawrence Hotel. R. WITTIG & CO., successors to Charles Dummig & Co. je9-3m

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. my12-3m

NEW BOOKS, PICTURES, ARTIFICIAL Ears, Magic Photographs, Microscopes, Pocket Lanterns, &c., &c. Descriptive Price Catalogues sent free by mail to all. Agents wanted. Address RICHARDS & ROCHE, 996 Pearl St., New York City. je23-6teow

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	59
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WANTED!—$200 per Month paid to Agents, to introduce our new $15, $18 and $20 Sewing Machines, Ketchum's Patent. Address, with stamp, MONADNOCK SEWING MACHINE CO., Winchendon, Mass., or Philadelphia, Pa. je16-3m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 600 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 320, Boston, Mass.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. my12-3m H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE BEST SORGO MACHINERY,

IS UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED TO BE

COOK'S SUGAR EVAPORATOR

AND

THE VICTOR MILL.

Thousands of both in use, and pronounced unrivalled. Order early to avoid disappointment. Send for Sorgo Hand Book and directions for building arches and working evaporators. Address

BLYMYER, DAY & CO.,
Mansfield, O.
Or SORGO MACHINE CO.,
jy7-eowtf 116 Main St. Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

TO CANVASS FOR THE GREAT BOOK OF 1866,

"THE SOUTH!"

A tour of its Battle-fields and Ruined Cities; a Journey through the desolated States, and talks with the people.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

From personal observations and experience during months of Southern travel.

The Author has had letters of introduction from men in high standing, to the heads of all Government departments in the South, civil and military. Whatever is known by these men of the sufferings of the past, present condition of things, as well as plans for the future, will be made known in this book. The great popularity of the author, and intense interest in the subject, combine to make this by far the greatest selling book before the public, while our very liberal inducements present a rare chance for Agents to make money.

For circulars and terms, address the

AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
je30-4t 709 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PROFESSOR MORRIS' AZUMEA,

THE PREMIUM YEAST, OR BAKING POWDER,

Manufactured by E. MOCKRIDGE & CO.,

No. 62 NORTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

On page 473 of Parrish's Pharmacy it is said of the essential ingredients that enter into the composition of the AZUMEA, "That many dyspeptics who cannot tolerate fresh light cakes when raised with yeast, can eat them with impunity when raised in this way;" and in view of the healthfulness of the ingredients, recommends their general use.

The Azumea makes the finest BREAD, BISCUIT, ROLLS, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS, PIE-CRUST, DUMPLINGS, PUDDING, &c., possible; *recipes for which can be had, together with a sample by sending a stamped envelope, with full address of applicant thereon.* Bread is made in the simplest manner. It has the following advantages over yeast or fermented bread:—It can be made and baked in one hour from the time of first handling the flour, it will be moist and pleasant to eat four days after baking; it is easy of digestion, excellent for persons suffering from dyspepsia; retains all gluten, starch and sugar contained in the flour; and therefore produces 1 lb. 13 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, while yeast produces only 1 lb. 6 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, thus obtaining about 27 lbs. more of bread from a barrel of flour, which, with the saving of yeast, will about balance the cost of the Azumea.

This excellent article sold by over 3000 grocers of Philadelphia, has justly obtained two first-class diplomas. my12-11t

AGENTS WANTED!

J. T. HEADLEY'S

HISTORY OF THE WAR,

NOW READY.

Complete in TWO VOLUMES, also in ONE. It is admitted to be the most *interesting, popular,* and *valuable* History of the Rebellion, which is fully attested by the enormous sale of 200,000 *volumes*, and a large portion of the country still uncanvassed.

We are obliged to run our presses night and day to enable us to supply our Agents.

Men of character and ability, who desire a lucrative employment, will find this a rare opportunity.

The price of the work in *one volume is so low*, (compared with other Histories) as to bring it within the reach of all classes.

For full particulars send for circular.

Address

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
je30-4t 148 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

GYMNASIUM

FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN & CHILDREN,

N. E. Cor. of 9th and Arch Sts., Phila.

Open Every Day and Evening all Summer.

Bodily exercise imparts health and strength, the best preventives against sickness during the coming summer. Classes for ladies—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For boys—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For gentlemen—every day from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.
je23-3m Profs. HILLEBRAND & LEWIS.

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BEHADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it stitches, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
June23-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE, and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. mar24-6m

The Great Strengthening Tonic

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Flattering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
968 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 26 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church;
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,

No. 631 ARCH STREET,

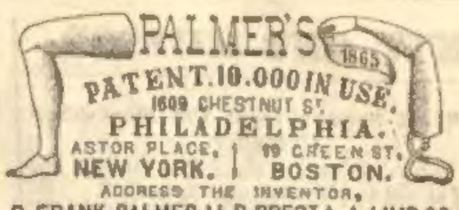
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JONES & EVANS,

[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]

Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 17-eowly



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of the Evening Trains.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A. M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 11.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL¶	" 9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†‡	" 12.40	A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.30	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.40	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P. M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.10	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

TICKET OFFICES

Are located at No. 631 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House, where Tickets to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as the West, North-west, and South-west, may be procured and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

Also at 31st and Market Streets, on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

DEAD HEADS,

or in other words, heads whose once glorious locks have

Withered and Whitened,

can in a few moments be re-clothed with all their

YOUTHFUL ATTRACTIONS,

by a single application of that wonderful talisman

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Grizzled whiskers and moustaches, ladies' curls into which the snow of age has prematurely drifted, and red, sandy, or whitey-brown hair, receive, as if by magic, the rarest shades of black or brown from this harmless botanical hair darkener.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. jy7-2teow

PURIFY THE BLOOD.—If the blood be pure the body which is formed from and by the blood cannot be diseased. But if there be in any part of the body any affection, such as a boil or ulcer, even a bruise, the blood circulating through that part takes up impure matters from the local affection and carries it into the general system. This is the cause often of sudden death to persons of full habit afflicted with boils and ulcers, and who use no medicine; the matter gets into the circulating system and chokes up the fine blood vessels which supply the brain with vitality, and life ceases as if

Bereft by Lightning.

Now, this can be remedied.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

take all impure matters from the circulation, and save the general health, soon curing local affections also. BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists. jy7-3teow

☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. my5-3m

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. my5-10t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Short Sermon from the Hard-Shell Preacher.

"There's nine men a standin' at the dore and they all sed they'd take sugar in ther'n."

Sich, friends and brethering, was the talk, in a wurldly sents, wonst common in this our ainshunt land; but the dais is gone by, and the suns run dry, and no man can say to his naber, hoo art thou, man, and will you take enny more shugar in your kanghey?

But the words of our tex has a difrunt and a more perticklerer meenin than this. Thar they stood at the dore on a cold wintur's mornin, two Baptiss, and two Methdiss, and five Lutharians, and the tother one was a publikin. And they all with one vois sed they wouldn't dirty their feet in a dramshop, but if the publikin would go and git the drinks they'd pay for 'em. And they all cried out and every man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar, for it won't feel good to drink the stuff without sweetin." So the publikin he marched in and the bar-keeper sed, "What want ye?" and he answered and sed, "A drink." "How will ye have it?" "Plane and straight," says he, "for it aint no use wastin shugar to circumsalivate akafortis. But there's nine more a standin at the dore, and they all sed they'd take shugar in ther'n."

Friends and brecthering, it aint only the likker of sperits that is drunk in this roundabout and underhand way, but it is likker of all sorts of human wikkedness in like manner. Thare the likker of malis, that menny ov you drinks to the dregs, but yure shure to sweeten it with shugar of self-justification. Thare the likker of avaris that sum keeps behind the curtain for constant use, but they always has it well mixt with the sweetnin uv prudens and ekonimy. Thare the likker of self luv that sum men drinks by the gallon, but they always puts it in lots ov the shugar of take keer No. 1. And, lastly, thare the likker of extorshun, which the man sweetens according to surkumstances. If he's in the flour line, he'll say the poor'll be better off eatin korn bread; if he's in the cloth line, why it's a good thing to larn 'em to make their cloth at home; if he's in the lether line, it'll larn 'em the needcessity of taking better keer uv shoos. "And thare nine more standing at the dore, and they all sed, they'd take shugar in ther'n."

Which Half?

Here is an English story of the times, a *bank* and *panic* incident that must not be lost:—

In the midst of the late excitement, and at the moment when everybody thought all the banks were going to the dogs together, Jones rushed into the bank of which he was a stockholder, and thrusting the certificate into the face of the transfer clerk, he said, in great haste,—

"Here, please transfer half that to James P. Smith!"

The clerk looked at it, and asked,

"Which half, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't care which half," replied Jones, puzzled at the inquiry.

"You had better go to the courts; I can't make the transfer without a legal decision. If you really wish to transfer your other half to Mr. Smith, we can't do it here."

Jones was confounded. He knew the banks were all in a muddle, but this was too deep for him. He took his certificate from the hand of the smiling clerk, and on looking at it, lo! it was his *marriage certificate!* Being a printed form, on fine paper, and put away among his private papers, it was the first thing that Mr. Jones laid hands on when he went to his secretary for his bank-stock script. He went home, kissed his wife, glad to find she hadn't been transferred to Mr. Smith, and, taking the right papers this time, hastened down town in time to get it all straight.

Lovers' Rhymes.

Ned sat with Susan underneath a tree,
And both were happy, as betrothed should be;
And toying with his hair to sweeten time.
"Help me," he said, "dear Susan, to a rhyme;
I want one sadly, jingling well with 'kiss,'
No—Susan—no—a new one, and not 'bliss.'"

"Not 'bliss,'" said she; "the easiest rhyme I know;
But since thou will not, grumbler, have it so,
What can I do? Look in mine eyes and see,
And for one word, discarded, I'll give three,
And all the three combined shall mean but 'bliss,'
Look at me, Ned, and own it—kiss, this, miss!"

Crow Eating.—A worthy old farmer residing in the vicinity of Lake Mahopeak, was worried to death last summer by boarders. They found fault with his table and said he had nothing to eat.

"Darn it," said old Isaac, one day, "what a fuss you're making. I can eat anything."

"Can you eat a crow?" said one of the boarders.

"Yes, I ken eat a crow!"

"Bet you a hat," said the guest.

The bet was made, the crow caught and nicely roasted, but, before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff. Isaac sat down to the crow. He took a good bite, and began to chew away.

"Yes, I ken eat crow! (another bite, and an awful face,) *I ken eat crow; but I'll be darned if I hanker arter it!*"

The Premier and the Bishop.—The following anecdote of Lord Palmerston and the Bishop of Oxford is going the round:—The two parties being on a visit in the same house, on Sunday, Lord Palmerston proposed to take the Bishop to church in his carriage, which the latter declined, saying he preferred walking, and off he started. It came on to rain, and the Premier passing the Bishop, put his head out of the window, saying:—

"'How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to *walk*.'"

"Ay," said the Bishop—

"'Nor stands in sinners' way, nor *sits*
Where men profanely talk.'"

☞ At Adrian, Mich., a lady saw an engine house with a steeple, and innocently asked a gentleman attendant, "What church is that?" The gentleman, after reading the sign, "Deluge No. 3," replied, "I guess it must be the Third Baptist!"

Laura.—"Yes, tiresome horse to ride! Pulls now and then tremendously, as if he would like to run away with one!"

Charlie (who is so absurd).—"Ah, then I can understand his feelings!"

Dying.

I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating: Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Black, worn out by age and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner that he had not even spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, whilst at a social meal with his friends, Monsieur and Madame Berthollet and Gay-Lussac, died in his chair so quietly that not a drop of coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt.

Sheet-Stealing in Camp.—Your comrade who covets the sheets under you approaches your bedside armed with a feather, with which he gently tickles your ear. Accustomed as you are to the buzz of mosquitoes, which, by-the-way, have a notable penchant for singing in one's ears, you only fidget a little in your sleep, and turning on your side, press the ear that has been operated on, on the pillow. Immediately, the one half of the sheet thus released is rolled up lengthwise close under your back. The feather is then again cautiously applied to the exposed ear; you turn once more and the other half is released. One more tickle, adroitly administered, disengages the sheet altogether, and the rascal, no doubt, inwardly chuckles as he leaves you to your slumbers.

☞ A Paradox.—"Waiter," said a young fellow, entering a coffee-house one rainy day, "I hope you have a good fire, for I am very wet; and let me have something to drink directly, for I am very dry also."

☞ A state constable has given notice to a magician that he mustn't exhibit his "inexhaustible bottle trick, for it infringed on the liquor law."

☞ Men are called fools in one age for not knowing what men were called fools for asserting in the age before.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bread Bulls.

According to our way of thinking the man who attempts to toss up the price of bread stuffs to a factitious value, is as properly a market "*bull*," as he who persistently pokes up gold or stocks or any other mercantile commodity. If there exists a likelihood that we are to have this year a short grain crop, and next a dearth of bread-making material, most certainly every effort to obtain reliable statistics and place before the public correct information of the condition of affairs, thereby inducing a spirit of prudent saving and more universal economy, is commendable. But to raise the hue and cry of *short crops*, and inaugurate a panic and put up prices for speculative purposes, is *bulling* of a most mischievous character.

We have under observation a semi-statistical wheat circular, prepared by Mr. W. H. Langley, a manufacturer of first-class flour as he informs us, for the eastern markets—said circular being made up at the request of the editor of the Gallipolis, Ohio, *Journal*, the argument all through being to show that our wheat crop this year is going to be a bad failure, and the conclusion fixes the deficiency at something above 77,000,000 bushels for the coming year, which must be supplied from foreign sources at extravagant prices, or failing that, a good many thousands of us must make our wheaten *short cakes* shorter in weight and width, and after all perhaps go breadless until American wheat becomes *better* behaved. Mr. Langley says in his circular:—

"Being engaged in the manufacture of flour principally for shipment to the Eastern cities, and the crop of 1865 around us being almost a total failure, and not much better in 1864, we either had to go from home to buy wheat, or let our mill stand. The latter we did not like to do as we had established a *good* and large trade for our brands of flour in the Eastern cities, and did not like to lose it, and knowing that our brands would always command the best price going, and believing that owing to so much of the wheat in the country being poor, light, damaged and unsound, if we could succeed in getting high grades of old wheat of the crop of 1864, to keep running, we could make money, for we thought such grades as it would make would be relatively higher than any other grades. And in pursuance of this belief, we went into the Cincinnati market, and for the last six months or more, I think we have bought full three-fourths or more, of all the choice old red and white wheat that came into that market."

* * * * * *

"More recently finding that the old winter wheat had become very scarce, especially of choice grades, we have turned our attention to Minnesota spring wheat, *extra* and choice quality, and have bought sixty to seventy thousand bushels of it, which we are now making into a very nice flour of choice quality, for spring wheat flour. Thus far the result of the venture has been far more favorable than we anticipated."

All very commendable, certainly, Messrs. Langley & Co.—the establishing a "*good*, and large trade," and getting up a brand of flour that will command the highest rates in the "Eastern cities." We are glad you have been successful and made money. Your enterprize deserved success, so does your clever ingenious advertisement in this same wheat circular. Hope you will continue to make money by milling—legitimately, of course. And you can, where you have a "*good* large trade," with a grade of flour that *commands the best price*, faster with wheat at $5 per bushel than you could do with the article selling at fifty cents. In times of scarcity there will always be consumers enough of "best brands" to keep down any surfeit of supply, and as your material calls for the highest figures in the markets of the "Eastern cities," don't you see, gentlemen, how we can see that scarcity and high prices work together for your good? If next year, when the promised famine is upon us, a barrel of your flour that "*will always command the best price going*," shall have cost you $16, your net profit on it will be about four-and-a-half times greater than it was one day on the barrel of like material that cost you $4.50.

Of course high prices both of wheat and flour, are always best for manufacturers of a "brand" that "always commands the best prices going." That is legitimate. Not a word of objection to that. But we do protest against inflicting upon consumers of breadstuffs a needless panic or premature famine. If it be a reality, or even a remote probability that our wheat crop is likely to fall short by 77,000,000 bushels or more, as Mr. Langley believes it will, then let every farmer everywhere, set to with a will while there is yet time—plough, plant, and sow every available rod of ground, with buckwheat, beets, or turnips—whatever will make or cheapen bread or supply its place, and thus meet the exigency on as nearly equal terms as possible.

But first, for the defence of wheat, let us examine a few reliable witnesses, setting their testimony fairly against the hearsay evidence of Mr. Langley, gathered, as he says, from fellow-travellers in his frequent journeyings between his home in Ohio and the "Eastern cities."

First, we have here at hand the correspondence of personal acquaintances, 25 letters, all under three weeks old, from practical farmers, every man of them wheat growers, all speaking of their wheat crops, and all but four boasting of a first-rate yield. The exceptions are one from Michigan, one from Indiana, and two from Tennessee.

Next, we have in the *Prairie Farmer* for June 16th, a communication from "Old Firkin," always reliable authority—from Winnebago, Ogle and De Kalb counties, Illinois. "Old Firkin's" wheat paragraph reads thus:

"*Wheat* has been sown to a larger extent than for several years previous, and never looked better. It stands very even, is of good color, and if no untoward Providence befall, sixty days from now will requite the husbandman's toil with a bountiful harvest."

In the same issue of the P. F., a correspondent writing from Grand Rapids, Mich., says:

"The southern and eastern portions of the state give dubious accounts of the wheat crop, and the same is true of peaches. But all of the country sheltered by the warm and moist wind from Lake Michigan will give an abundant crop of winter wheat."

B. Smith, Clinton county, Mo., in same paper, says:

"Crops of all kinds, except spring wheat, look well. Fall wheat looks fine; stood the winter well, and is now in bloom."

J. D. L., Venus, Madison county, Iowa, says: "We are having a splendid season, rather dry for small grain, but it looks very promising."

In the *Country Gentleman* of June 14th, S. B. B., Austin, Texas, May 28, writes:

"Old settlers say there never was a better season for crops than the present. The yield of wheat, barley, rye and oats, which are now mostly harvested, is large."

Next come our southern witnesses, as follows:

The Crops.—A recent visit through a large part of Baltimore and Harford counties, has enabled us to say that notwithstanding the backward weather, the various growing crops are looking remarkably well. Wheat seems to be doing finely; in fact, we never saw better wheat, at this season, than on the Deer Creek and bay lands, in Harford county. Corn is low yet, but looks very healthy, and only needs a little warm weather to bring it ahead. Clover everywhere seems to have suffered terribly by the winter.—*Baltimore County Union.*

From the Shenandoah Valley, ten reliable, sturdy old Quaker farmers, say:—"We have all rebuilt our barns larger than before the war, and we are going to cram them with the best wheat we have grown in many years."

Fifteen counties of North Carolina report a maximum wheat crop; so do twelve country papers in Georgia. Twenty-six of West Virginia's forty-two counties will, it is believed, produce an average yield. Kentucky will have two-thirds of an average crop, if Kentucky farmers themselves tell us the truth. From the Alleghenies eastward to the sea, we know, a good deal from personal observation and more from reliable correspondents, that the wheat prospects are by no means so dismal as to beget any fears of a famine during this administration. Indeed, there is scarcely a conceivable possibility that in the United States any crop can be so nearly a failure in all regions at once as to cause a very serious famine.

We never place the most implicit reliance in grain or any other agricultural statistics, gathered promiscuously from fellow travellers by steamboat or railroad, during all the period between early spring ploughing and after harvest, happening to know that during that season we are likely to meet precious few farmers of any sort; not one a week, as a rule, intelligent, well informed men, capable of affording us reliable agricultural data. Such farmers have more important business at home, and are there attending to it.

One must needs out frequently across lots, look for himself, and then correspond with reliable, intelligent farmers, as widely as he can, if he would become tolerably posted himself and competent to Post others in grain, or any other agricultural prospects.

RECEIPTS.

Vegetables.—To boil green vegetables, always put them in boiling water and boil till done. For dry, such as beans, peas, &c., in order to make them tender soak them twenty-four hours and then cook them. After soaking, put them in fresh cold water again, with a little salt, and boil till tender. Beans must be thoroughly soaked if you would have them nice and tender.

Carrots, turnips and parsnips may be put into cold or warm water. Boil gently till done, adding salt.

Always steam potatoes with the skin on.

Cucumbers sliced for the table should always be salted fifteen or twenty minutes before eating. Throw away the water. It is cruel for the stomach to eat them without salt.

Codfish with Egg Sauce.—Chop two or three hard boiled eggs fine. Put a lump of butter as large as an egg in a saucepan on the fire. When melted, add a little lemon juice, and the chopped egg, and after stirring a little turn it over the fish.

Pickling Walnuts.—A lady of great experience in such matters, gives the following receipt for pickling walnuts: "Gather them dry, prick them through with a large pin two or three times, put them into salt and water, shift them every three days for a fortnight, put them into a sieve, and let them stand a day in the air, and then put them into an earthen jar. Boil as much vinegar as will cover them well, pour it boiling hot over them, let them stand three days, then pour them into a sieve and let them stand in the air another day; then take to every quart of fresh vinegar that may be wanted half an ounce of black mustard seed, half an ounce of horse radish cut into slices, a quarter of an ounce of long pepper, three cloves of garlic, a dozen cloves, four or five pieces of raw ginger, and a few eschalots; boil these ten minutes, and pour it boiling hot over your walnuts; let it stand a fortnight, then put them into bottles, cork close, and cover the corks with rosin. They will keep for years."

Raspberry Cakes.—Take any quantity of fruit you please, weigh and boil it, and when mashed, and the liquor is washed, add as much sugar as was equal in weight to the raw fruit. Mix it very well *off* the fire till the whole is dissolved, then lay it on plates, and dry it in the sun. When the top part dries, cut it off into small cakes, and turn them on a fresh plate. When dry, put the whole in boxes, with layers of paper.

Penny Beer.—½ oz cream tartar, 1 cent's worth sassafras, 1 do. sarsaparilla, 1 do. pipsissaway. All these are bought in the market. Put 1 gallon water to the sassafras, pipsissaway and sarsaparilla, and boil 1½ hours. Then pour it off and add another gallon of water, and boil until the strength is out of the herbs. Pour it boiling on the cream tartar: when about milk warm, put in 1 cent's worth yeast. Sweeten with molasses and sugar.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Pour 1 quart vinegar on 1 quart fresh-picked raspberries: the next day strain it through a sieve on another quart of raspberries, and so on 5 or 6 days; then to every pint of juice add 1 lb. white sugar, set it in a jar, which must be placed in a pot of boiling water, until scalded through. Bottle.

A Pleasant Wine.—2 quarts morel cherry juice, 1 quart water, and 2 lbs. sugar: boil and skim it, and when cool add 1 pint brandy.

Strawberry Syrup.—Juice 1 pint, water do., white sugar 3 lbs. After squeezing the juice from berries, take the pulp and pour the measured water over it, and let it come to a boil; strain this, and make up the pint with water, if wanting. Pour this on the sugar, put it over the fire, and heat till the sugar is dissolved and come to a boil; take it off the fire, add strawberry juice, stir well; place on the fire five minutes, remove, and when cool strain and bottle. Same for raspberry, pine apple, &c.: 3 quarts ripe berries make the above.

For Staining Floors, Piazzas, &c.—Make a strong lye of boiled wood ashes, add as much copperas as will stain the floor a light shade of oak: try a little first. Put on the wash with a mop dipped in the lye, and wet the boards well. When varnished, this lasts a season.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 70 letters.

My 1, 6, 1, 16, 17, 5, 32, 11, is excommunication with curses.
My 2, 1, 50, is a fairy.
My 3, 24, 35, is the fabulous bird of Persian mythology.
My 10, 50, 51, was a Danish painter.
My 11, 16, 16, 4, 49, 11, from his cruel ravages was called the Scourge of God.
My 17, 58, 47, 56, 14, 14, 63, 52, is an opiate used in the East.
My 18, 23, 23, 12, 18, 19, was a Greek historian of the second century.
My 20, 17, 22, 27, 34, 34, was the "hero of Attica."
My 20, 14, 41, 58, 23, was a vale in Thessaly sacred to the gods.
My 23, 24, 25, 26, is the nightingale's flower.
My 29, 49, 66, 3, 1, is one of the asteroids.
My 30, 44, 27, 27, 33, 36, is a grand Duchy in Germany.
My 31, 59, 8, 25, was an ox worshipped as a divinity by the ancient Egyptians.
My 35, 62, 26, 24, 58, 21, 43, 13, 31, was Antony's ruin.
My 38, 3, 8, 11, 7, 39, 26, guided Theseus through the labyrinth of Crete, by means of a thread.
My 43, 21, 64, 61, is a Scandinavian deity.
My 53, 39, 40, 43, 42, 67, 59, 40, 53, is a constellation representing a woman chained.
My 55, 1, 41, 1, 43, was the fair daughter of King David.
My 58, 59, 54, 59, 49, 66, 53, 59, was the faithful wife of an ancient Greek warrior.
My 65, 24, 6, 16, is used for baptismal purposes.
My 68, 57, 45, 45, 60, is visited yearly by the Jews.
My 69, 49, 49, 69, 21, is the Moslem's God.
My 70, 5, 35, 43, 46, 53, 46, 49, 8, 9, is the city of the dead.

My whole is an old and beautiful Syriac proverb. EMILY DESSAN.

Franklin, Ill.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 8, 13, 6, 11, 2, 16, is a useful member of society.
My 15, 4, 5, 16, 7, 10, is little loved by his fellow men.
My 11, 9, 15, 14, 13, is a diminutive animal.
My 1, 5, 10, 11, 15, 6, is heard near small brooks.
My 17, 3, 4, 12, we all love.
My 4, 15, 6, 2, is certain.
My 10, 7, 13, 8, is dangerous to seamen.
My 16, 15, 1, has been a curse to many.
My 11, 9, 14, 17, 4, was leader of a mighty host.

My whole is one of Shakspeare's plays.

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a plank 20 feet long, which is 16 inches wide at one end and 12 inches at the other; tapering regularly. How far from the smaller end must I cut it in order to have two pieces of the same dimensions? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two numbers in the ratio of 5 to 7 to which two other numbers in the ratio of 3 to 5, being respectively added, the sums shall be in the ratio of 9 to 13, and the difference of the sums shall be 16? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Ans.—Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

☞ What is the difference between accepted and rejected lovers? Ans.—The accepted kisses the misses, and the rejected misses the kisses.

☞ What is the difference between a pretty girl and a night-cap? Ans.—One is born to wed, and the other is worn to bed.

☞ When is literary work like smoke? Ans.—When it comes in volumes.

☞ When is a tired man like a thief? Ans.—When he needs *arresting*.

☞ What kind of horn is easiest seen through? Ans.—A greenhorn.

☞ Why is a ship-builder like a young duck? Ans.—Because he *makes* for the water.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Wheat. DOUBLE REBUS—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. (Dionysius—Oceanica—Nun—Quadratic—Urao—Imp—Xantippe—Orion—Topaz—Edda.) DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Pantheon—St. Peter's.

1. P	arnassus	S
2. A	rare	T
3. N	a	P
4. T	id	E
5. H	ellespon	T
6. E	fervescenc	E
7. O	fice	R
8. N	ightingale	S

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 5th—65.94 perches from centre of larger and 54.06 perches from centre of smaller circle. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—215865.4 miles. M. Stevens. 215865.503 miles. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date. 1st answer—2½ ratio increasing with each hour of its movement: 2nd answer—14½ hours the continuance of its movement. D. Diefenbach.

Answer to Junior's PROBLEM of June 2nd—166 52 57—D. Diefenbach; 166 52 77—W. Barker.